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KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 62.
Price Ten Cents.



SHE RESENTED HIS INSULT.

HOW A PRETTY VARIETY ACTRESS WENT FOR HER TIPSY EMPLOYER AT AKRON, OHIO.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

IMPORTANT!

Energetic young men in towns and villages where the POLICE GAZETTE is not being sold, and where there is no regular newsdealer, can add to their income by selling the GAZETTE and our

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE assassination of Editor F. W. Dawson by Dr. McDow at Charleston, S. C., was a most cowardly crime. If lynching be justifiable under any circumstances, Dawson's slayer should get a taste of it.

Our champion, Jake Kilrain, has gone abroad to visit British soil, where no doubt he will receive a royal welcome. Wherever Kilrain roams in foreign lands, he will never go back on the land which gave him birth. He goes to meet England's champion, Jem Smith, in the international fight arena. Jake says the colors he will wear on that occasion will be the Stars and Stripes, fringed with green, the emblem of Ireland and America, whom no man is more worthy to represent.

FREDERICK BRECHLIN, a former member of St. John's German Lutheran Church at Meriden, Conn., has sued the pastor, Rev. Adelbert Kraft, for \$3,000 damages for refusing him the right to vote at a church meeting. The trouble arose over Brechlin's action to form a new church and his attempting to impeach Rev. Mr. Kraft, whom he charged with visiting ladies in the absence of their husbands. Brechlin went so far as to allege that in one case the reverend gentleman advised a lady parishioner to bring a suit for divorce against her husband.

We publish on another page several characteristic incidents in the lives of John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion pugilist of America, and Jake Kilrain, the present holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the championship of the world. These incidents appropriately typify the bright and the dark side of life, and although they do not show up the Boston boy in a very flattering light, they by no means misrepresent him. Our artist has not departed from the facts. There is a wholesome moral to be drawn by every ambitious pugilist from this most interesting picture.

A YOUNG man by the name of Alfred Post has just been caught in some remarkable financing in Chicago. Some time ago he established the Western Freight Claim Bureau, the mission of which was to collect freight claims against railroads. He interested several capitalists in his scheme, which partially consisted of buying up rejected claims, for which young Post pretended to secure payment in full by "fixing" the employees and officers of the road, through whom the claims would pass the second time. Although Post's whereabouts are unknown he is in no danger of prosecution by his victims, as by telling them that the big profits on their investments were only secured through influencing the railroad companies' employees he made the fools equally responsible with him.

GUS HECKLER, proprietor of the "Bohemia," the new and richly appointed rendezvous for sporting men, men-about-town, etc., at 1257 Broadway, this city, has issued a neat little advertising dodger giving the complimentary notices of leading newspapers of his cafe, also an address to his friends, in which he defines the term "Bohemian," according to his idea, as follows:

In "society" "Bohemian" is a form of mild reproach bestowed on persons of unconventional habits. But a "Bohemian" in the real sense of the word is a person, man or woman, who does not go into "society"; who is happy-go-lucky, unconventional, now "flush," now "short" of money; who, having money, spends it freely, enjoying it, and having none, hopes for it in the future; who makes the best of everything, and takes life as it comes. Your true Bohemian is a philosopher, and in spite of his unconventionality he is at least as apt to be respectable as a leader in conventional society.

Who wouldn't be a Bohemian?

MASKS AND FACES

"Me Pardner"—Fay Templeton's Shoes.

HISTORIC HUSTLERS.

A Chat with Bocaccio.

POINTS ON PASSES.

Children on the Stage—By the Way.

"See, there's me pardner!"

The words were spoken by Bloke, once a variety man, now a demolisher of free lunch and taker of odd jobs. "There goes me old pard," he repeated with a gesture.



"but he's too proud ter look at the like of me. We used to be a crack team, we used, but it's all bust up now."

Then Bloke bit the butt of a cigar that he had secreted in a pocket of his shabby coat, struck a match and lit it.

The remark of Bloke set me thinking, and only the other day Frank Murray, the able and polite representative of Magician Kellar, spoke to me on the same subject.

"Have you ever thought," said he, "that a good article might be written on the rise and fall of theatrical teams? Have you ever thought of the subject? Here's what usually happens. Two fellows or two women come together. They have youth, talent, energy, originality. The team does well. The press praise them. The public patronize them. The team is a success for years. Then comes a change. One of the team invariably gets the 'big head'—thinks he's the show. There are rows, hard words, sometimes blows. Then comes the separation. And the inevitable result is that one member of the team goes down, sinks into obscurity, and the other goes up, pushes to fame and fortune. Let me think," added Murray, stroking his mustache and adjusting his eye-glass, "let me think of some names that bear out my theory. There's Harrigan and Hart; there's Baker and Farren; there's Aldrich and Parsloe; there are the Collyer Brothers; there are Jennie Yeamans and Lydia Yeamans; there are Dixie and Golden; there are Richmond and Powers; there are Mackin and Wilson. Rosina Vokes still draws; Victoria Vokes is nowhere. Harry Kernell is ahead of John Kernell. Lew Dockstader is a household word, but Charles Dockstader is well nigh forgotten. Other cases are Thatcher and Primrose, Barlow and Wilson, Scanlan and Cronin, Bryant and Hoey, Schoolcraft and Coes, Miles and Evans. One member of these old-time teams will be found, for some reason or other, ahead of the other. It's a strange fact in the history of the contemporary stage."

Miss Irene Verona, as the ever young *Evangeline*, very much exposed around the neck and very much abbreviated as to skirts, tripped lightly, I mean plumply, on to the stage of the Star Theatre last week, and a big house greeted her with suspicious first night enthusiasm.

In the lobby, Mr. Ted D. Marks, with a fresh spray of lilies of the valley in the lapel of his coat, a new smile under his big mustache and a headlight of octavo proportions in his cravat, stood at the gate and welcomed the throng.

Irene Verona does not invest the title role with the charm of Louise Montague.

That song in act two did not go at all.

Frankie Kemble doesn't fill the shoes of Fay Templeton.

Kemble, as *Gabriel*, wears a perennial smirk and solitary earrings, and sings several doggerel verses written for her in execrable taste.

She can't dance. I wonder what Mollie Fuller, who sat in the right-hand box, thought of the performance.

Cora Tinnie, as *Felician*, was piquant and pretty, but what a pity that she can't sing.

Lila Blow, Lillian Cleaver and Caprice Van Lissa seemed to have found favor.

Amelia Glover, in a special fancy dance, attired in complete black, her reddish, tawny hair floating loose, was graceful, comely and artistic.

Mae Branson, as the first captain of the amazons, looked thoroughly frightened. She oughtn't to make up so much and she ought to try to be a bit easy.

Carrie Wallace, Annie Wynne, Amy Gardener and Mand Emerson led their squads in excellent style.

If you wish to keep posted on what is going on in the sporting and sensational world you must buy the POLICE GAZETTE every week.

Wagly said that Helen Marlborough, one of the aids of Captain Dietrich, is sweetness long drawn out.

Altogether Mr. Rice has got a good-looking lot of women around the principals in "Evangeline," and the men are clever.

But I was sorry to find at the first night that "Kitty the Ghost" did not walk.

Lelia Farrell, May Thomas, Nellie Desmond were some of the burlesquers present in the audience ready to find fault or praise.

And Blanche Marsden was there and informed me that she had just signed with Aronson and would appear at the Casino.

I saw Marcus Mayer on the street the other day, and I thought what a hustler he is, and what good and interesting copy could be turned out on the subject of theatrical hustlers in general and Marcus Mayer in particular.

Hustlers are the makers of modern shows. There are John Rogers, and John Russell, and Jack Harley, and Jack Hamilton, and Tom Davis, and Ludlow, and McKee, and McGeechey, and Harrison, and Canby, and Hines. These are all eighteen caret hustlers, and James Jay Brady is no slouch either. Ted Marks is called "Four Figure Marks" out West somewhere, for, according to his accounts, the house receipts of the show he represents always run into the thousands. The favorite author of the hustler, by the way, is "Baron Munchausen."

Marcus Mayer is an aristocratic, parlor car, first cabin, round-the-world-in-eighty-days hustler.

Dave Peyer, Charley Schroeder, Charley Mathews advance and manage such big, safe attractions that hustling is almost a pleasure with them. If it weren't for these hustlers, I tell you the great stars would often shine rather dimly.

There's a good deal in paper, billing, cooking with the newspaper men, interviewing, smiling, winking and knowing. "Apropos of hustlers," says Deahler Welch, "I heard a story the other day about Robert Grau, a brother of Maurice Grau, that has never appeared in print. It thr some light on the troubles, not of a great and prosperous hustler, but of a careworn and impecunious hustler. It also shows how a hustler will get out of a fix."

"Several years ago Robert Grau was managing a 'Pinafore' opera company which was visiting a number of small towns in Canada. He had exceedingly hard luck, and finally reached that mortifying and oppressively uncomfortable point when the necessity of paying the company's board without any means stared him in the face. So sure was Robert that at the next place he would be able to recuperate that he was able to convince the landlord, who allowed them to go on the condition that his office clerk would accompany the party and get the cash from the first night's receipts. But the new town was worse than the last, and there were no receipts for the hotel clerk, who, nothing loth, enjoyed the holiday and agreed to go on to the next place. But here Robert was compelled to enter into the same sort of arrangement with his landlord, and the opera company was augmented in its caravan by two hotel clerks. By dint of perseverance and a stiff upper lip this thing was repeated at eight different towns and at the ninth the chorus, refusing to go on without a much desired payment, Robert Grau actually induced the eight clerks to appear as the 'Pinafore' sailors, which they were well able to do after a constant sitting in front."

As I dropped into Delmonico's the other night I thought I saw Bocaccio at one of the tables. With something of a reporter's audacity I ventured to approach and interview him. The genial teller of tales was in the best of humors and most communicative.

After speaking of the city, the weather, he finally came to a subject upon which I was deeply interested to have his opinion. "I have been to see 'Bocaccio,' the operette played by McCann's company at Palmer's to-night," said he, whiffing a cigarette.

"A charming operette that, lovely music, pretty scenery, capable artists. Of course I was flattered that my name should be chosen as the name of an operette after all these centuries. I came up here, escaped for a time from the region below immortalized by my illustrious countryman Dante, and here I find myself known, my work appreciated."

"That little woman, Marion Manola, has a shapely leg in her blue tights. And Laura Moore, buxom and blonde, with the cutest, demurest mien of innocence, mio caro, she has a mouth to kiss once, twice, a hundred times! And Joyce Bell, the lady played the antiquated coquette to perfection. And Annie Meyers, she is rich and juicy as a bottle of chianti. I was charmed!"

"The comedians, De Wolf Hopper, De Angelis, Digby Bell, have almost as much comedy in their legs as in their faces. Some of their jokes I did not, of course, understand. There was a little too much horse play, but Rafael sings well, and Dungan, I think you call him," said Bocaccio, taking out a programme and scanning it. "I think Dungan is a gallant cavalier. Then the girls, the students, Pauline Jonson, Dollie Chase, Florence Willey, Marie Van Doonik, Tillie Frank, Emma Miller, Mabel Potter—here they are on the programme—they looked very attractive from front. And so did Josie Knapp and Lucy Pixley. But I have talked too much about this operette, about myself. Will you have a chartrouse with me and a cigarette?"

Mrs. Grundy tells me this story: "One evening last week two of the dullest dudes in all Quakerdom presented themselves at the stage entrance of the Walnut Street Theatre, and asked the doorkeeper to take a note to Miss Edna Carey, the leading lady of the 'Dark Secret' company. The note was from a friend of the actress, and introduced the bearer. Presently the two swells, arrayed in dress suits and evening faultless top-coats, were conducted to the door of the star's dressing-room. The stage was not over large, and the principal dressing-room was only a few feet away from the edge of the tank. In response to a gentle tap Miss Carey opened the door somewhat suddenly, and one of the 'deah cweachawes,' stepping back in the darkness, tripped on the tank, and grasping his friend for support, they both gave a piercing yell and fell into the water. In the excitement one of the mashers worked into the deep pocket and almost drowned before he

was fished out. Amid the loud hilarity of the stage hands both were dragged from their *improptu* bath, and fled, dripping, out of the stage door, vowing the direst kind of vengeance on the theatre, the company and the tank."

"The free pass nuisance is a growing nuisance," said Mart Hanley to me some time ago. "We can put up the sign, 'No Free List,' still the deadheads come. Once a deadhead always a deadhead. I have had queer experiences. Why, a fellow came to me one day, bought two tickets and asked me to keep them for him till night. 'I wish, Mr. Hanley,' said he, 'when I come to-night and ask you for these you'll hand them to me.' I said I would, anxious to see what it all meant. When quarter of eight came, in trois the fellow, accompanied by a fairy. 'Hello, Hanley, old man' he said, breezily, 'let me have a couple for to-night, will you?' I took in the situation, of course, humored him and handed him the tickets he had paid for in the morning. My fresh friend wanted to give his girl the impression that he was solid with the management, had free admission! How's that for vanity, eh? People you've met once at dinners, been introduced to at parties, run across in barrooms and barbershops, strike you, write you, implore you for seats. It's a mania."

Minnie Palmer pleased at the Comique, Harlem. Minnie Dupree made many friends as the "ingenue" at the Grand Opera House.

Kittie Coleman was a go at the Criterion, Brooklyn. Annie Walters caught on at Zipp's Casino.

Clara Thropp played the hoyden capably with Neil Burgess.

Lester and Allen, the Coulson Sisters, Conroy and Dempsey were attractions at Pastor's.

Lizzie Booth and Mammie Dillon pleased in Bridgeport, Conn.

The Milton sisters proved attractions at Newark, N. J.

Stella Roost, Minnie Belles, Julia Kelly didn't revolutionize Columbus, O.

Nellie Burt, Lizzie Raymond, Mammie Goodrich took in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Howard made a hit in Cleveland, O., we are told, by striking Pat Rooney over the head with a chair.

Minnie Ellsworth and Marie Seres made a favorable impression on the boys of Frisco.

"Krys," in the *Dramatic News*, airs his views thus:

Though acting seems quite simple, Yet 'tis a puzzling art, For two may play together They always play a part.

The more you think about it The wonder still increases; While in their parts they're perfect, They both appear in pieces.

Since the success of Elsie Leslie and Tommy Russell in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" we will probably be deluged with plays that give opportunities to precocious children. Tiny actresses are in vogue. One of the hits of the "Midnight Bell," for instance, is made by a tot which, in a school scene, comes out to sing, dance and declaim. That reminds me of a yarn which Marietta Nash once told me about her own precocious six-year-old. "One day," said the sourette, "I mislaid my keys and began to hunt all over the floor for them. 'O, Dear, I said aloud, 'where can my keys be; where can I have left them?' 'O, mamma,' presently said my youngster, stopping his gambols, 'I think you must have left the 'Bunch of Keys' at the theater!'"

J. Chas. Davis, a good fellow who smokes a good cigar, had a benefit last week that attested his popularity.

Francis Wilson applauded De Wolf Hopper at Palmer's the other night. Aronson and Wilson have come to an open rupture, but Wilson, more than ever ready to star, is not over-worried about it.

Mrs. Langtry is now said to be married to Fred Gebhard, Mary Anderson is affected with nervous prostration, and Mrs. Potter is said to be on the outs with Monsieur.

They are talking of dramatizing "Robert Elsmere," and this is probably the way the project originated: Flip is a fly theatrical manager. Seed is an impecunious playwright.

Flip calls on Seed in his hall bedroom, and this conversation ensues: "Hello, Seed. Busy?" "No, Mr. Flip."

"Well, Seed, everybody's talking about a book called 'Robert Elsmere.' They tell me it's great. I never read it. The author made a lot of money out of it, though. Well, Seed, I want that book licked into a drama!"

"A drama, Mr. Flip?" "Yes, Seed, a society drama. They've dramatized 'Quick or the Dead,' and you can this. The public'll stand anything. Now, Seed, go right to work on 'Elsmere.' Work in an elopement and attempt of murder—that sort of thing, you know—a prairie fire, a cyclone, a good thunder-storm; put in a nigger and a dog—a pet dog. Work in all that somehow, Seed. I must have the play in a week. Ta, ta. See you later."

"Debts," said Barry, the other night, "it is the remarkable peculiarity of debts that their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them."

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MISS GERTRUDE DOWNEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present in this issue the portrait of Miss Gertrude Downey, who was murdered on the Princeton, Ind., fair grounds by her lover, Sylvester Grubb, Sept. 13, 1883. Grubb has been sentenced to hang April 19, 1889. The details of this crime are given elsewhere.

COWARDLY ACT.

The Murder of Capt. F. W. Dawson by Dr. McDow, at Charleston, S. C.

STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION

The Victim Remonstrates Against Dr. McDow's Conduct Toward a Housemaid.

SHOT WHILE SITTING IN A CHAIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charleston, S. C., is in a terrible state of excitement over the murder in that town a few days ago of Capt. F. W. Dawson, editor of the *News and Courier*, by Dr. McDow. It was the most cowardly and brutal murder ever committed there.

The murderer, T. B. McDow, is a young physician, who is married and has several children.

The evidence in the case is somewhat meagre as yet, but it has been learned that Captain Dawson was murdered because of an attempt on his part to save the honor of a servant girl in his employ. The murder, it is said, was committed about 3:45 P. M., but not discovered for three hours afterwards, when the murderer surrendered himself.

The body of the murdered man had in the meantime lain in the office of the murderer, not 100 yards from his own residence.

Captain Dawson left the *News and Courier* office about 3:30 P. M., and was never seen alive again. It appeared



DETECTIVE SHADOWING THE DOCTOR AND EDITOR DAWSON'S MAID SERVANT.

that he had suspicions that his maid servant, who had charge of his children, was not behaving herself properly. Last week he asked the chief of police to detail a detective to shadow the girl, stating that if she was honorably courted he would have nothing to say, but that he did not desire his children to be intrusted to a girl who was not strictly honest. The detective accordingly shadowed the girl.

On Monday morning he saw her get on a Rutledge avenue street car, where she was soon joined by Dr. McDow, the murderer. The detective followed the pair for several hours, and submitted a report in writing to the chief of police, who communicated its details to Captain Dawson this morning.

As stated above, Captain Dawson left his office at 3:40 P. M., and was found murdered about 6:30 in the office of Dr. McDow. His face was badly beaten and a pistol bullet was found in his heart. It is supposed that he went to Dr. McDow's office to remonstrate with him—a married man and the father of several children—against seducing his maid servant, and that Dr. McDow shot him after the two had been engaged in a scuffle.

All the evidence adduced thus far shows that the murder was one of the most diabolical in the annals of crime. Captain Dawson was shot while sitting down. The shot was a fatal one. After murdering his victim, it is said, Dr. McDow left him lying on the floor, locked his office door and went out to a corner grocery shop. There is evidence that he tried to bury the corpse of his victim, but that in the meantime suspicions had got out, and finally, three hours after he had killed his victim, he surrendered himself to the police authorities.

The murderer has the reputation of being a rake, and it is said that he is known in almost every bawdy house in the city.

A densely crowded court room awaited the opening of the Coroner's inquest into the cause of the death of Captain F. W. Dawson on March 14, and at 11 o'clock the deputies had no little difficulty in making way for the entrance of the man who fired the fatal shot. Dr. McDow entered pallid but evidently nerved for the ordeal, and he took a seat between two court officers as Policeman Gorman, to whom he surrendered, was called as the first witness. After testifying to having been informed of some trouble by passers by, he said: "I saw Mrs. McDow and her cook standing at the door of the doctor's residence and asked them if they had heard a pistol shot. When they replied in the negative I rang Dr. McDow's door bell. He opened the door just enough to peep out with one eye and see who rung the bell. This was about 4 o'clock. He shut the door without speaking, and I heard him moving something in the office. I sent a boy to call the chief of police, whom I saw riding up. Before the chief got to me Dr. McDow came out the door to the sidewalk. I asked him what was the trouble. He ran both hands in his pockets and said: 'Nothing is the matter.' He was very

quiet. I went back then and met the chief, corner of Bull and Rutledge, and was relating to him what I had heard, when Dr. McDow passed us both, going to the corner shop. The seat of his coat was dusty and his hat had whitewash on it. He afterward went back home. The chief said to me: 'He looks like he has had a fracas. Maybe it's a family affair.' Dr. McDow afterward surrendered to me."

This is the testimony that Moses Johnson, the do-

the Nashville, and among them the commodore afterward found young Dawson.

Later circumstances led him to appoint Dawson as the captain's clerk, and this appointment was confirmed by the confederate secretary of the navy when the Nashville reported on her return. Soon after his return Commodore Pegram was placed in command of the James river squadron, and he took with him Dawson, to whom he had become greatly attached.



THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE PRETTY HOUSEMAID AND DR. McDOW.

tor's colored driver, gave: "I was finishing my dinner in the kitchen when Mrs. McDow came running in. She was calling for me, and said that a pistol was shot in the office. She said I must go and see. I saw the excitement of the neighbors, but didn't go to the office, for I didn't believe it was done in the office. I went and tended to the horses, and I waited till the doctor wanted to go out. I heard the pistol shot, but it gave a dull alarm. After coming back I saw the doctor standing in front of his office. I heard no groans or anything. The doctor never told me about the killing. The first I knew of it was when the doctor delivered himself up to the policeman. I know nothing about the door under the stairway being broken. I didn't bring the doctor a spade. There was one there, but it was always kept in the stable. I did not assist in tearing up the floor."

A gentleman who was driving by in his carriage at the moment of the killing gave this remarkable evidence: "I saw Capt. Dawson step off the horse car and go into the doctor's office. In four or five minutes after he got in I heard the pistol shot; then I heard two groans, struggling kind of groans. Then I heard a voice say: 'You said you would take my life, now I've taken yours.' After I got my people in the carriage and moved off I saw Policeman Gordon and told him to go down there; that I thought that murder was done. After the shooting a gentleman came out and closed the office window. I think it was Dr. McDow."

Dr. McDow was not put upon the stand, and after a brief deliberation the jury returned this verdict: "We find that the deceased, Capt. F. W. Dawson, came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by a gun in the hands of Dr. T. B. McDow, and that Moses Johnson, colored, was an accessory before the fact."

Both have been committed to jail on a charge of murder. Charleston is still in mourning for Captain Dawson. The feelings of the people have been wrought up to a very high pitch.

Captain Dawson was a native of England, but he passed the greater part of his life in the Southern States. Early in the war Commodore Robert B. Pegram, of the Confederate navy, was in English waters in command of the Nashville. To him came an innocent and well-mannered young Englishman, with the request that he be given a passage to the Southern States, as he wished to join the Confederate army. Commodore Pegram refused, saying he could not think of taking a minor among strangers to run the risk of war. He would not consent, even if the boy obtained the consent of his guardian, and W. L. Yancey was then in London, and young Dawson—for he was

the James river fleet was for a long time inactive, to Dawson's regret, for he had come to fight. One night a splash was heard alongside his ship, and soon a man was seen swimming toward the federals. There was a general discharge of guns at him, but it was not known whether he was hit. At roll call in the morning young Dawson was missing. A few days afterward it was learned that he had swam far enough toward the federals to escape the commodore's sentinels, and had then reached Captain Pegram's battery. This battery was in a few days in the thickest of the fight, and it is Captain Pegram's testimony that he had never witnessed such cool bravery in his life as was displayed by young Dawson. He was wounded, and the commodore had him taken to Richmond.

While there an order was issued for the examination of men for the ordnance department. The commodore furnished Dawson with books, and two or three times a week he went to Richmond and examined his



THE ASSASSIN SURRENDERING HIMSELF.

young friend. He progressed rapidly and he stood first in the official examination. Though not entirely recovered from his wound, he reported at once for duty, and before the war closed he had advanced to the first position in his branch of the service.



THE FATAL DISPUTE BETWEEN DR. McDOW AND DAWSON.

the youth who wanted to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy—sought him out and so worked upon his feelings that he wrote an earnest request to the commodore to give the boy passage.

The commodore still refused, and about this time the Queen ordered the Nashville and Tuscarora to leave English waters. Commodore Pegram did not obey the order, but went to London to arrange for his stay. While he was away some hands were shipped on

After leaving the Confederate service, Capt. Dawson became employed as a reporter on the *Richmond Dispatch*. After several years in Richmond, he, with L. W. Riordan, purchased the *Charleston News*. Capt. Dawson succeeded Riordan as sole owner. He was a leading and prominent citizen of the State, and was well known as a member of the South Carolina Democratic National Committee. Capt. Dawson achieved considerable distinction on account of his steadfast refusal

to engage in a duel, some years since, in response to a challenge from one of the prominent citizens of the State. He boldly announced that he was opposed to duelling methods. For this attitude he received a substantial indorsement from the Pope.

During the memorable earthquake that nearly destroyed Charleston, Captain Dawson was able to publish his paper throughout the entire period of alarm and distress, and as soon as the telegraph wires were in operation out of Charleston furnished graphic and effective descriptions of that memorable night and succeeding days that filled Charleston with distress and destitution. He was a gentleman held in the highest respect by persons of all classes and conditions, and prominent citizens declare that his killing must have been deliberate and outrageous murder.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY AT AUBURN, N. Y.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joseph Russell, of No. 3 Frances street, Auburn, N. Y., shot his wife early Sunday morning and then shot himself. Both died without making any statement. The cause of the tragedy is as yet unknown. The woman, as soon as she was shot, rushed from the house and reached the yard door of the nearest neighbor, where she fell. She was carried into the house and died in five minutes. She had been shot in the back, and the ball came out near the heart. Russell was found dead on the kitchen floor with a bullet through his heart. A five-chambered 32-calibre revolver lay beside his body. He was 42 years old, and his wife 31. He had been employed delivering beer for a brewery until a month ago, when he was laid up by a broken shoulder. He was a heavy drinker, and it is thought that his indulgence had affected his brain. It is also claimed that he was jealous of a man named Redcliffe who boarded with him, but there appears to have been no ground for this, for Redcliffe left a few days ago after overhearing Russell and his wife in a heated conversation, during which they mentioned his (Redcliffe's) name.

ROWED ACROSS TO HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Christy, a wealthy farmer residing a mile north of Munfordville, Ky., near the banks of Green river, has a pretty eighteen-year old daughter, Luella. Sanford Greer, a young tiller of the soil dwelling near by, but on the other side of the stream, loved Luella and she loved him, but old man Christy was opposed to the match. He said that Greer was not able to take care of a wife, and so his negative was emphatic. Sanford and Luella arranged to elope, and Saturday was set as the day for making the venture. Luella is a strong-armed Kentucky girl, and can row a boat as well as a man. Sanford did not dare venture on Mr. Christy's side of the river, and it was agreed that Luella should pull across in her father's skiff to the opposite bank, where her lover would meet her with horses, and get married. This she did, but before her boat was one-third the way across her lover appeared on the opposite bank with two horses, while her father, with a pistol, reached the one she had just left. He had missed his daughter, and suspecting that she intended to elope, followed her, swearing that he would kill young Greer. The pair were subsequently married in spite of the old man.

SHE WORE THE BREECHES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

From the evidence at hand, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of March 8, Maggie Wallace, of Cincinnati, seems to have, figuratively speaking, worn the breeches in her household. Her husband William has objected to this, and sued for divorce. They were married Sept. 3, 1878, and have two children. He charges that his wife has refused for several years to perform her household duties, and he was compelled to seek another home in June, 1888. He further charges that she has been an habitual drunkard for several years. It does not appear what her physical proportions were as compared with his, but nevertheless he alleges that on several occasions she beat him, and one night, after he had gone to bed and fallen asleep, she assaulted him and then pulled him out of bed and dragged him about the room. Hence his suit.

RICHARD BARKALOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish in this issue a fac simile of the portrait of Richard Barkalow, of the firm of Barkalow Bros., Dick, his friends call him—of Omaha, Neb. As a representative business man, Mr. Barkalow stands high. He is a member of a firm that came to Omaha years ago and began trade on a small scale. At present the firm is quoted at \$250,000. It controls the sale of news matter, books, periodicals and other matter over all the Union Pacific system. Last fall it made a contract with the road by which it obtained control of all the family sleeping cars on the line, and is to-day making a mint of money out of the enterprise.

RECENT WHITE CAP RUFFIANISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our back page illustration this week consists of a combination of very exciting events, portrayed in the usual graphic style of our talented artists, connected with the high-handed outrages of White Caps of different localities. There are shown the hanging of Farmer Antoine Belanger and the burning of his house by White Caps near Doland, Dak.; the assault on Albert Barney at New Preston, Conn., and the attempt to murder J. P. Smith, editor of the *Furniture News*, at Minneapolis, Minn.

A PRIEST BRUTALLY BEATEN AND ROBBED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dastardly outrage which was perpetrated on Father Mariell, pastor of the West Dubuque, Ia., Catholic Church, came to light on Tuesday, says a special from that town. Sunday night a couple of men called at his house and informed him that one of his parishioners was dying, and requested he should administer the last sacrament. He dressed and came downstairs, and on opening the door was beaten into insensibility and robbed of all he had in his possession.

H. O. MESSER.

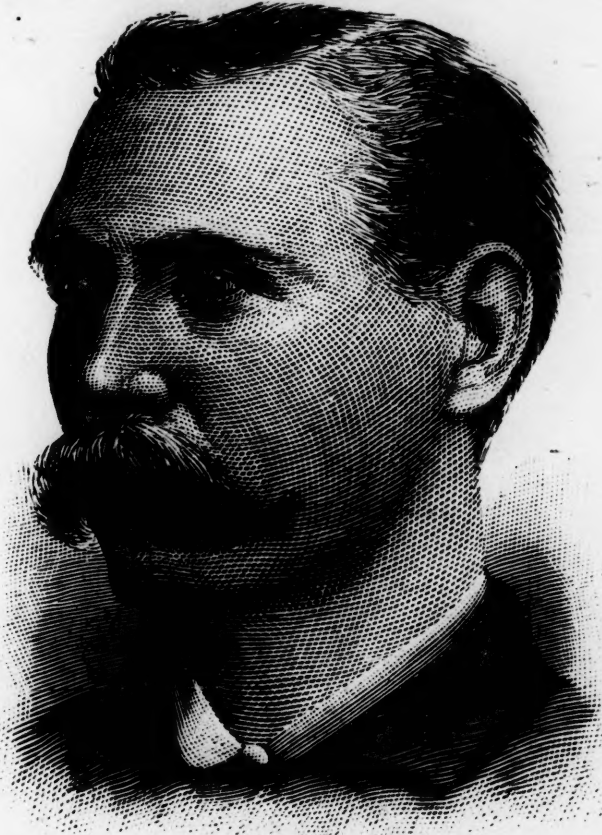
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

H. O. Messer's portrait embellishes another page of this issue. He is a well-known long distance pedestrian of Denver, Col. Mr. Messer has been successful in many competitions requiring great endurance, pluck and skill as a pedestrian.

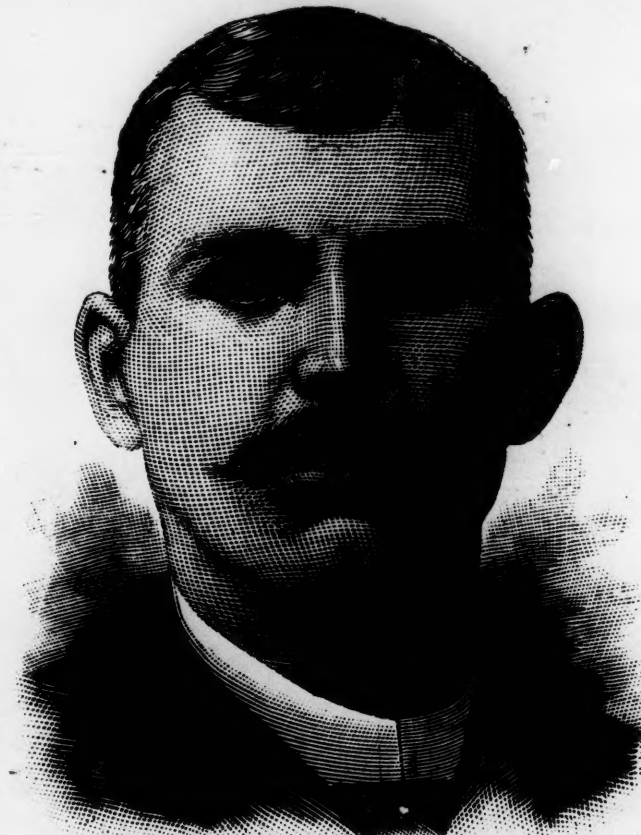
Elegant cabinet photographs of all the puzzlers, athletes and actresses sent to any address on receipt of 10c. Send 2c stamp for catalogue.



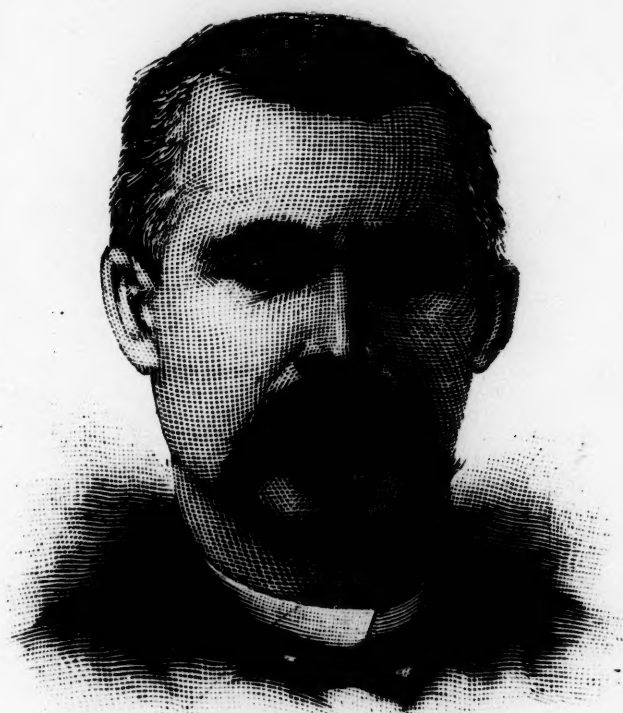
AMIL ANDEREGG,
OF GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., AN EXPERT HOSE COUPLER, THE
PRIDE OF THE "NEPTUNES."



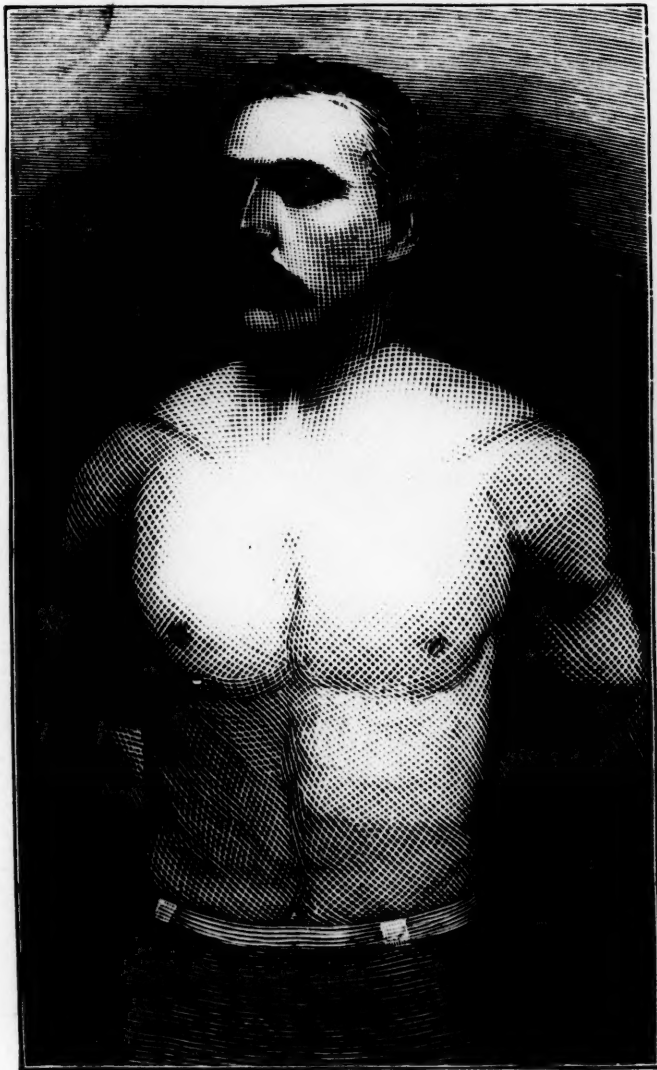
PHIL CASEY,
OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, CHAMPION HAND-BALL PLAYER
OF THE WORLD.



H. O. MESSEK,
OF DENVER, COL., A LONG DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN, WINNER
OF MANY IMPORTANT RACES.



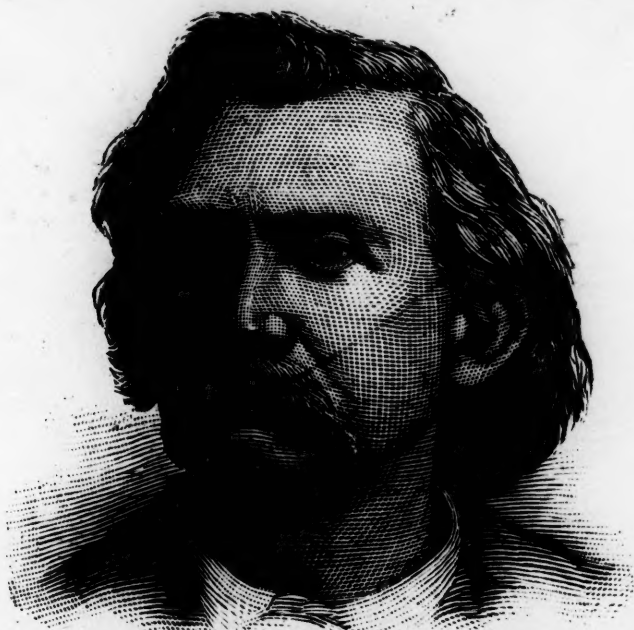
GEO. L. KINNEAR,
CITY MARSHAL OF ELGIN, ILL., A MAN WHO NEVER FLINCHES
IN THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY.



PATRICK KEOHAN,
FAMOUS AMATEUR ATHLETE, ONE OF THE BEST HOP STEP
JUMPERS IN THE WORLD.



MAURICE BARRYMORE,
ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, ATHLETE, LOVER OF SPORT AND WIT, AS "CAPTAIN SWIFT" NOW AT THE MADISON
SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK.



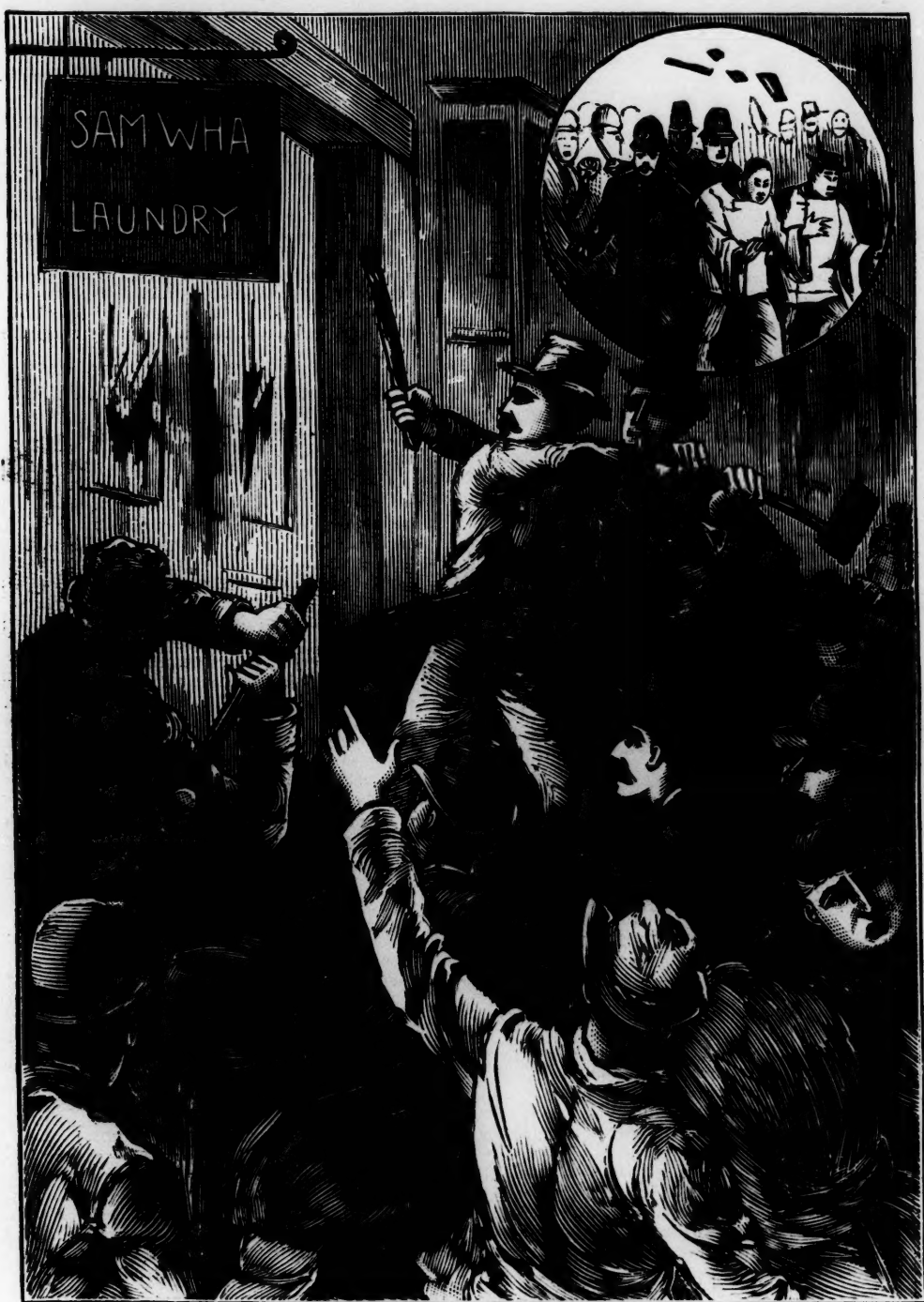
B. C. CANTRELL,
DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL AT TALIHUA, INDIAN TERR., A
BOLD AND FEARLESS AGENT OF THE LAW.



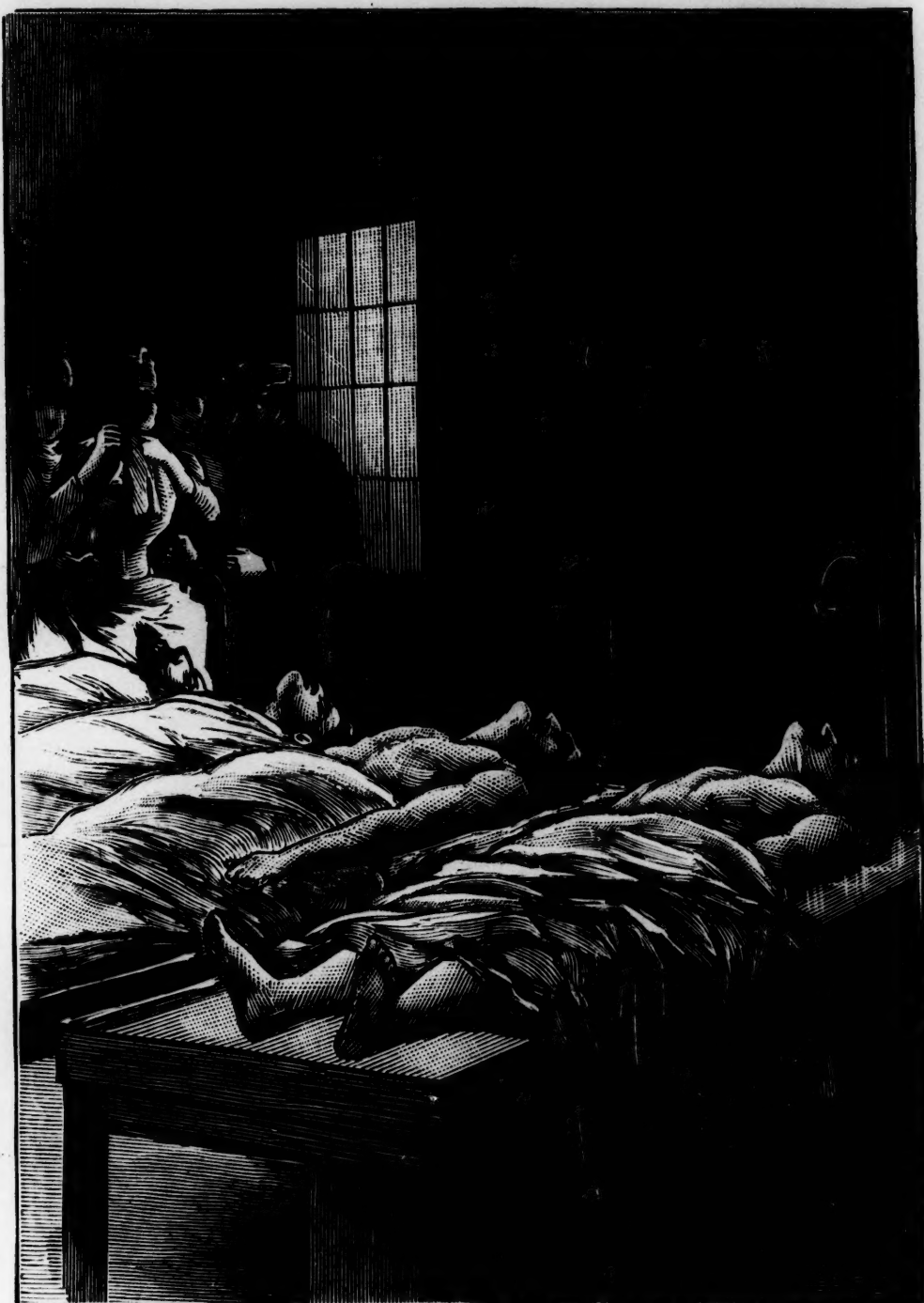
MISS GERTRUDE DOWNEY,
MURDERED BY HER REJECTED LOVER, SYLVESTER GRUBB, ON THE
PRINCETON, IND., FAIR GROUNDS, LAST SEPTEMBER.



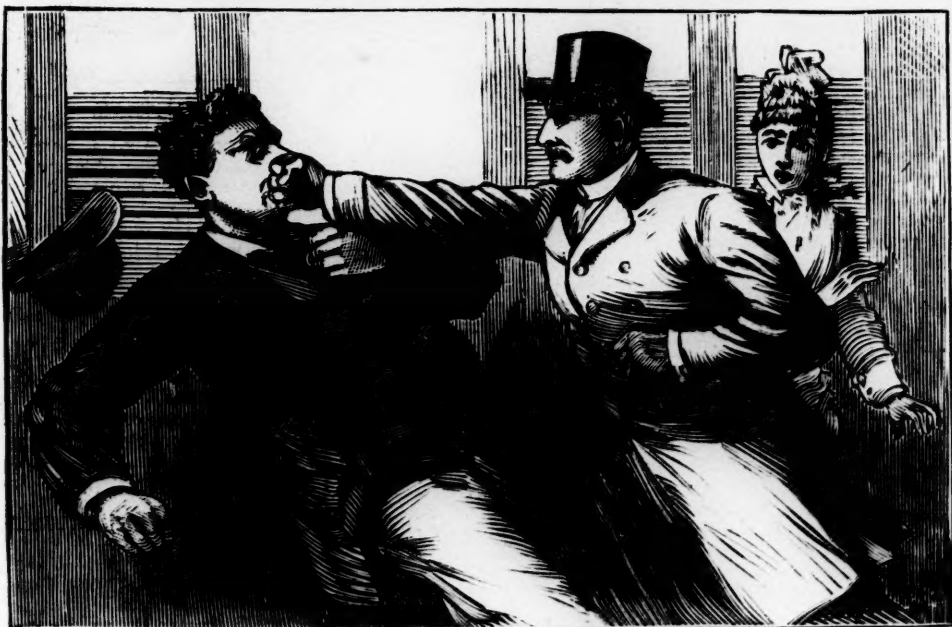
SYLVESTER GRUBB,
SENTENCED TO HANG IN APRIL FOR THE MURDER OF PRETTY
MISS GERTRUDE DOWNEY AT PRINCETON, IND.



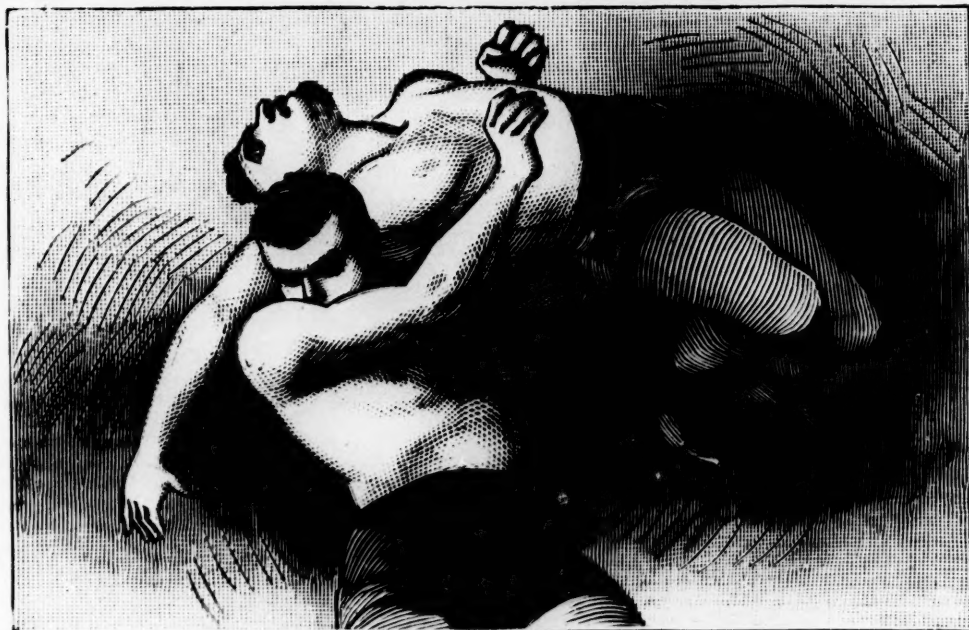
MADE IT WARM FOR THE CHINESE.
MOBS DESTROY SEVERAL LAUNDRIES AT MILWAUKEE, WIS., AND DRIVE THEIR
OWNERS FROM TOWN FOR ASSAULTING LITTLE GIRLS.



VICTIMS OF A BOILER EXPLOSION.
VIEWING THE DEAD AT THE MORGUE, PITTSBURGH, PA., AFTER THE FRIGHTFUL
ACCIDENT IN THE WEST POINT BOILER WORKS.



COL. SINN HIT HIM IN THE JAW.
HOW THE STALWART HUSBAND OF CORA TANNER RESENTED AN INSULT OFFERED
HIS CHARMING WIFE AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.



WRESTLED TWO HOURS AND TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.
EXCITING CONTEST BETWEEN LEONARD AND MCINERNEY AT CINCINNATI, O., WHICH
ENDED IN A DRAW FOR WANT OF A FIRM REFEREE.

APPALLING!

A Father Accused of Making His Child the Victim of His Lust.

ARRESTED ON THAT CHARGE.

The Unhappy Girl Dies of Poison, and Murder is Suspected.

A STORY OF CRUELTY AND SUFFERING.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 15, 1889.—Probably the most revolting crime in the long list which has disgraced the criminal records of Chicago was brought to light today, and those implicated are now under lock and key.

A man named John Jones, who is employed as a packer in a large grocery house here moved some time ago into the house at No. 409 Park avenue. He had seven children, but managed to get the three youngest ones into the Half Orphan Asylum, their mother being dead. The other children lived with the father, the eldest being a daughter named Nellie, a really beautiful girl, whose untimely death has brought to light a story of cruelty, sorrow and suffering not often paralleled.

Jones, it is said, instead of caring for his children spent his money in all sorts of ways, and his landlady notified the police that the family was in danger of starvation. Police Lieutenant Beard, of the Warren avenue station, was notified and paid a visit to the house on the 11th inst. He found the place deserted, except by Nellie and two of the boys, who were rolled up on the floor in an old blanket. There was no food in the house and no fire in the stove. The children were taken to the rooms of the Humane Society and closely questioned by Officer Dudley. The girl, Nellie, told an awful story about her father and a young married man named Richard Biting, living in the neighborhood. All the surroundings in the room where the children were found indicated the most abject poverty, while it was shown afterwards that the young girl was allowed no privacy whatever, being compelled to occupy the same apartment with her father and brothers.

The children were supported almost entirely by the charity of the neighbors, and when found were almost dead with hunger. After the visit of the police lieutenant and the investigation made by the Humane Society, the officer sent out for food and some coals, and soon had the girl comfortably tucked away in bed peacefully sleeping.

The result of the affair was the arrest of the father and young Biting on the charge of disorderly conduct. The latter did not deny the accusations against him, but the father said he was not guilty of the charges made by his daughter. The case was set for May 10, bail being fixed at \$200. Biting was unable to furnish bonds and was kept at the station.

The case of the father was called before Justice Lyon yesterday, and was set for March 16. Jones furnished bonds in \$200 to appear on that day.

An officer of the Humane Society went to Jones' home in the afternoon, and found the girl Nellie lying upon the floor, suffering from severe pains in the stomach. She was taken to the County Hospital, and grew rapidly worse, until death ensued at one o'clock this morning. She suffered fearful agony, and showed every evidence of arsenical poisoning. The physicians

The police might not have known of her illness when they did had it not been for the story of the father when he appeared in court Wednesday morning. He said the reason his daughter did not come was because she was sick, and this aroused suspicion, as it was feared he had beaten her because she had dared make complaint to the officer of the Humane Society. When found, the girl was in too great pain to tell any sort of a connected story regarding the poisoning, but the police already knew enough to warrant them in causing the father's arrest on the charge of murder.

It was ascertained that he had not been at the place where he was employed since Monday, and a general murder alarm was sent out to all the stations in the

city. The inquest was set for this afternoon at the County Hospital, but before it was concluded the fugitive father was brought in. He had been found on the street by a policeman and did not seem to be at all surprised at his arrest. His coolness, in fact, was a matter of remark, his sorrow at the death of his daughter not appearing to be particularly deep. In reply to questions he contented himself with saying that he was innocent of having procured the death of the girl, and denies having purchased any poison or administered it to her.



THE POOR VICTIM DIES OF ARSENICAL POISONING.

Biting will be an important witness in the case. Both he and Jones have been remanded to the county jail to await the result of the searching examination the police have instituted. Biting seemed to feel his situation keenly, and said he would willingly tell all he knew. He did not deny his intimacy with the girl, but tried to justify himself by saying it was with the knowledge and consent of her father.

Nellie was but seventeen years old. Her days were spent in misery and squalor, and since her mother's death, some years ago, she had not known what it was to have food enough to eat or sufficient clothes to wear.

The story in detail of her recent treatment, as told by the police, who are making a most determined effort to gather all the evidence possible, is too horrible to relate in a public print. The Humane Society has taken charge of the other children and will see that they are taken care of and given a home.

The father is a man of middle age, strong and healthy.

Jones and Biting were afterward released on the Coroner's verdict that the girl committed suicide. The police are not satisfied, and will investigate further.

CAPT. E. H. KERNAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Capt. E. H. Kernan, chief of Kernan's Detective Agency, Birmingham, Ala., who distinguished himself a few months ago by the cleverness with which he unearthed the Hawes murder mystery, was born near Taylorsville, Ky., and reared in New Orleans, La. He was the first one to organize the private levee police for the protection of shipping in the harbor of New Orleans about fifteen years ago, which he carried on suc-

cessfully for seven years. Was afterwards elected the general superintendent of the Merchants' Police and Detective Agency of New Orleans, which office was held by him until December, 1881, when he removed to Birmingham, Ala., and started Kernan's Detective Agency, which he has made a most flattering success, his services being frequently engaged by State and county.

KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

We present this week a full-page illustration contrasting, in a most striking manner, good and evil. Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a history of those mysterious crimes, which have baffled the London police. Finely illustrated.

COL. SINN HIT HIM IN THE JAW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The loungers in the Plankinton Hotel lobby this morning, says a special in the New York Sun from Milwaukee, Wis., March 14, jumped to their feet as they heard a man shout: "Take that, you cowardly black-guard!" at the same time dealing another man a stinging blow. The speaker was Col. Sinn, husband of Cora Tanner, the actress. The person to whom the words were addressed was E. B. Putnam, a wealthy young man of Eau Claire.

Putnam had been painting the town red and was much the worse for wear. He was standing in the lobby with a companion as Miss Tanner stepped out of the reception room on her way to the dining room for breakfast. With a half drunken leer, Putnam pointed to the lady, saying to his companion, "Are you on?" The words were hardly out of his mouth before the fist of Col. Sinn, who was a few steps behind his wife, caught the speaker on the side of the jaw, and he went staggering across the floor.

The colonel made no attempt to follow up his attack, but contented himself by giving the offender a tongue lashing. Clerk Simpson and others rushed up, and the author of the trouble was hurried off upstairs to his room, where he remained until sober enough to leave. Miss Tanner escaped into the dining room during the fracas. The affair created no end of talk.

THE ANIMAL BECAME FRIGHTENED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Silas Norton, a venerable farmer, had an experience on Washington avenue, Kingsland, N. J., recently, that he will not soon forget. The old man was leading a bull home from Newark and as he approached Grafton avenue a dog flew out of an adjacent yard and sprang straight at the head of the bull. The frightened animal rushed at Norton, who was a few feet in advance, and before he could realize what had taken place he had been tossed completely over the animal's head, alighting face down upon its back.

The bull started off at mad pace, its rider holding fast to its horns. Down Grafton avenue toward the river dashed the enraged animal, the dog hanging on to its tail. When the track of the Paterson branch of the Erie Railroad had been reached the course was changed and the animal started up the track at a breakneck speed. The animal finally ran down the bank of the Second river and plunged into the water. The farmer was subsequently rescued and the enraged bull shot.

B. C. CANTRELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Deputy U. S. Marshal Ben C. Cantrell was born in North Carolina. His people moved to Missouri while he was a child. He resided for many years near old Jackson, Mo. He has been a Deputy United States Marshal at Tallahassee, Fla., for the last five years, and has become a terror to evil-doers in that country. He has escorted several murderers and horse thieves to the shelter of the Ft. Smith jail. He is fearless, tall and well built, and about 32 years of age. His knowledge of the ways of the Indians has enabled him to bring to justice four desperate redskins concerned in the murder of W. A. Ford, near Doakville, Choctaw Nation. Mr. Cantrell is respected by all who know him, is gentle in his manner, and has a host of friends in Tallahassee.

VICTIMS OF A BOILER EXPLOSION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A boiler in the West Point boiler works, owned by A. Monroe & Son, on Twenty-third street, Pittsburgh, Pa., exploded after 12 o'clock, Wednesday, March 14, killing five men, wounding twelve and wrecking the building. The force of the explosion was terrible. It shook the earth for several blocks around, shattering windows and creating consternation in the neighborhood.

At noon the whistle was sounded, and immediately the majority of the sixty-five employees left the place. Five minutes later every man who remained in the place had been either killed or injured. In a moment hundreds of people were on the ground, and the work of rescue was begun at once. An alarm of fire was sounded, but the wreckage fortunately was of brick

and the flames that had started did not make much headway before they were extinguished. Firemen and policemen commenced the work of rescuing the buried, and in a short time the dead were removed to the Morgue, where the scene was of the most heart-rending nature.

COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF HEARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, was recently the cause of quite a sensation in the United States Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C. While trying to make himself heard on the reading of a bill, he was declared out of order by the chairman, but persisted in having his way with so much vehemence, despite the commands of the Chair for him to take his seat, that the Sergeant-at-Arms at length forced him out of the chamber into the cloak room, holding him a prisoner there until the close of the session. Subsequently a motion was made, in justice to the Senator, to have all mention of the proceeding stricken from the records of the Senate.

GEO. L. KINNAR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George L. Kinnear, the present City Marshal of Elgin, Ill., whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born in the Province of New Brunswick on Sept. 23, 1842. He went to Illinois with his parents in 1845 and settled on a farm in Kane county, and at the breaking out of the war enlisted in his country's service, being then only 18 years of age. As a member of the Fifty-second Illinois Infantry, he took part in the battle of Corinth, Miss., October, 1862, being seriously wounded. He was commissioned a first lieutenant by Governor Yates, of Illinois, October, 1864, and was mustered out at close of war, July, 1865. He participated in nearly all the battles and skirmishes of the Rebellion and weary marches with the Army of the Tennessee.

PRISONER AND JURYMEN PLAY CARDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For the sixth or eighth time, Robert T. Jones, the murderer of the three Presleys in Edgely county, has been brought to trial at Columbia, S. C. On each occasion it has been impossible to convict Jones of one of the most outrageous crimes on record. During the evidence Saturday it was developed that several members of the jury spent the previous night in Jones' cell playing cards, and that many of the jury boarded in the jail. This case has cost the State many thousand dollars.

MADE IT WARM FOR THE CHINESE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Terrible public excitement was created in Milwaukee, Wis., a few days ago, by the revelations that several little children had been debauched in the Chinese laundries. The excitement ran so high that several shops of the Orientals were raided and their owners driven from the city. There is said to have been a general exodus of Chinese from the town in consequence of the indignation of public sentiment.

AMIL ANDEREGG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Anderegg is the coupler of the Neptune Hose running team of Gloversville, N. Y., and through his quick work the Neptunes have won many hard-fought races. He is a young man, highly respected in Gloversville, is of athletic build and as agile as a cat. His friends have repeatedly endeavored to arrange matches with so-called couplers in the State, but have thus far failed to meet any one who was willing to contest with him. Anderegg's portrait appears on another page.

MAURICE BARRYMORE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Maurice Barrymore, whose handsome face and athletic figure are artistically reproduced on one of our pages this week, is now playing a highly successful engagement as *Captain Swift* at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. Mr. Barrymore is a man of brilliant intellect and fine physique, and a great favorite in literary and sporting circles.

ASSASSINATED AT HIS FIRESIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While sitting at his fireside with his wife on Wednesday night, A. W. Busby, a prominent citizen of Gate City, Ala., was shot dead by some one at his window. While in Birmingham, Wednesday, he had a dispute with a man by the name of Grant over some business transaction, and it is said Grant made threats. The sheriff and a posse have gone after Grant.

ESCAPED IN THEIR NIGHT ROBES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Clifton Hall, at Lakewood, N. J., caught fire early Monday morning, and an hour later was a charred heap of ruins. Sixty guests and twenty servants were in the house when the fire was discovered. All escaped, the majority in their night robes, some partly clad and none fully dressed.

PATRICK KEOHAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Patrick Keohan, the famous amateur athlete, who has gained considerable fame both in this country and Ireland in the athletic arena. He is probably one of the best standing hop-step jumpers in the world, and he has a record of covering 33 feet 3/4 inches.

PHIL CASEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish in this issue a portrait of Phillip Casey, of Brooklyn, the well-known hand-ball champion of the world. Mr. Casey is a politician of some prominence, having belonged to the city council, in which position he did creditable service.

WRESTLED TWO HOURS AND TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The details of the wrestling match between Leonard and McInerney, at Cincinnati, O., are given in our sporting columns.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.



THE CHILDREN ARE FOUND IN A DESTITUTE CONDITION.

in attendance treated her accordingly, but could do nothing to relieve her sufferings.

An autopsy had by the hospital doctors showed that arsenic had been administered. Officer Dudley, of the Humane Society, said this morning the girl had no money with which to purchase poison, and he was convinced that it had been given her to get her out of the way and keep back the story of her wrongs. Jones had exhibited the utmost feeling against his daughter since the time of his arrest, and blamed her for the trouble he knew was awaiting him. The poor girl was so weak from starvation and abuse that she could move around only with the greatest difficulty, though even under these circumstances she could have managed to reach the police court and give her testimony had it not been for the poison administered to her.

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SELF-DEFENSE.

Some Points of Importance in Regard to the Manly Art.

HOW TO GET UP MUSCLE

What is the Best Indication of Strength in a Pugilist or Boxer.

HINTS ON ATHLETIC TRAINING.

[COPYRIGHTED—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The manly art of self-defense now ranks among the proudest of our national institutions.

It is associated with the most chivalrous deeds of our countrymen. Content with nature's unaided weapons, and imbued with the sense of fair play that scorn to take advantage of an enfeebled or prostrate foe, the

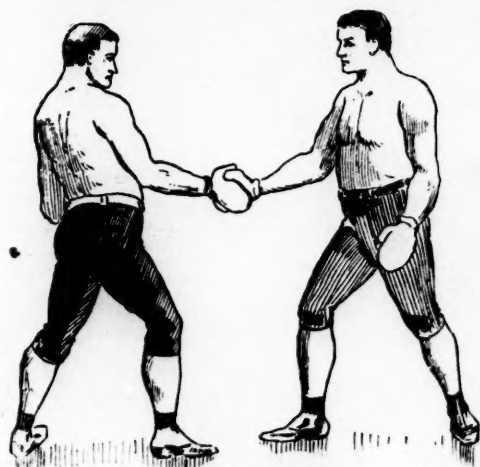


JAKE KILMAIN.

pugilist practically realizes the poetic ideal of true courage. All nations recognize some distinctive weapon; the Irishman thinks much of the shillelagh; the Scotchman dotes over his claymore; the Frenchman, clever at tierce and carte, prides himself on his dexterity with rapier; the Spaniard owns to an affection for the stiletto; the Malay for his crease; the Indian for his tomahawk; the Patagonian for his club; and the American and Briton for the weapons nature gave them. How far men are morally justified in using instruments other than their fists, it is not my object to inquire; it is simply to impress upon the reader the noble dignity which disdains employing more than the provisions of nature for the purpose of revenge. There is no condition of life in which a knowledge of the art of self-defense may not be consequential to its possessor. Whether beset by brutal violence, nettled by rank insolence, or called by the law of humanity to rescue the weak from injury, the art will repay its accomplishment by the power it bestows, the confidence it instills and the reward it is capable of earning.

Of course it is not expected that the readers of this treatise aim at becoming professional pugilists. If the generality learn how to take their own part, an end will be accomplished gratifying to all who would fain see the danger of degeneration averted from this land, and American courage still reposing in security upon its ancient substructure of American thew and sinew.

Adapts will observe that the present article contains many novel instructions, and that in matter, as in man-



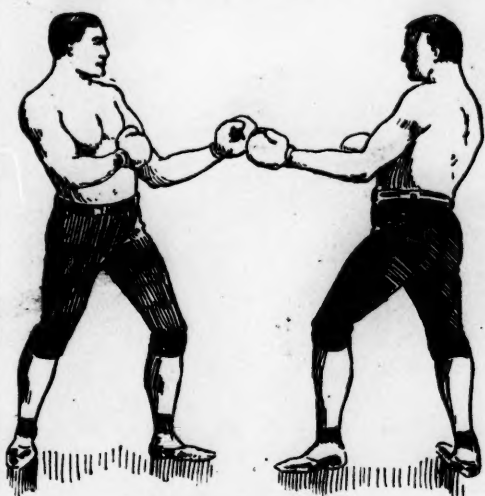
SHAKING HANDS.

ner, it follows not the beaten track of those miscalled guides, whose stereotyped inaccuracies possess the greater evil of mischievousness. Probably there has not been a single line altered in, or added to, the whole of this class of books now on sale during the past ten years. Yet within ten years how the art of boxing has advanced; how the styles of its best professors have become modified! It is plainly high time that the novice's path should be divested of false beacons, and

that he should cease to be instructed in manoeuvres that have become obsolete.

Before proceeding to the specific detail of the various manoeuvres, etc., it will be as well to offer a few general observations on those attributes which form the necessary basis of the practice of boxing—strength, courage and endurance.

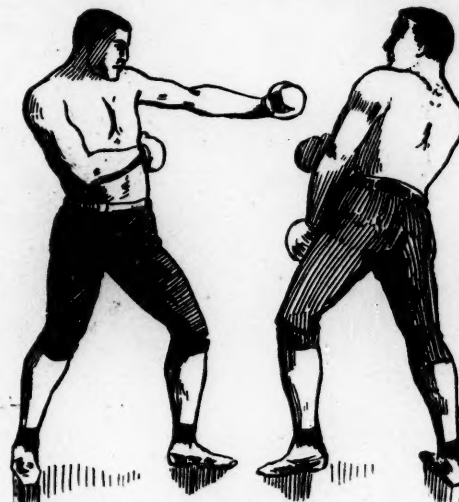
Strength is a quality easily tested, but its characteristics sometimes admit of mistake. Thus bulk is often fallaciously confounded with physical power, and par-



BOTH MEN ON GUARD.

ticularly with regard to the muscular development. It is not always considered that a preponderance of muscle may be an absolute deformity, as an excess of adiposity is a sign of disease. Nature works upon such a harmonious system that no superfluity can exist in any part of the human frame without detriment to the entire organism; and, particularly as regards muscle, its undue preponderance must militate against activity as certainly as that the heavy wheel of a coal wagon is incapable of revolving as swiftly as the light and graceful wheel of a curicle, though here the point is to be considered, what is the proper mean of muscular substance consonant with agility? This is best answered by a reference to those masterpieces of ancient art, the statue known as the Apollo Belvidere or the Laocoon. In both these examples we find evidence of perfect symmetry, and in the latter especially, where intense muscular action is represented, we find no departure from the strict rule of proportion. There is an infirmity to which the muscles of the legs and arms are subject, called "drooping," exemplified in the calves of coal whippers, porters, and the like, and in the arms of blacksmiths, etc., which causes a bulky or knobby protuberance toward the "small of the leg" and the forearm. This is the result of a continual strain upon the part affected, and so far from it being, as is generally supposed, a sign of strength, it is the reverse.

A symmetrical development of the biceps muscle, extending from the shoulder front to the elbow joint, and compact, well-knit sinews, extending along the forearm to the wrist, all hard when the arm is distended, are the best criteria of reliable strength. The same observation applies to all the rest of the muscles. When in good "condition," the flesh is firm and elastic; color is seldom a criterion, as that is mainly produced by skin-deep vesicles. There are many ways of developing physical power by exercise; but it should always be borne in mind that too much exercise is an evil. Like over-winding a clock, it inevitably injures the works. The best species of exercise is that which employs simultaneously mind and body. Walking, running, jumping, quoit and dumbbell practice, all afford matter to arrest the attention and render the



BREAKING GROUND.

task agreeable if rightly set about. To make a mere labor of bodily training is simply preposterous. Many ways are self-suggestive, by which ordinary avocations, if gone about properly, may be rendered conducive to the end in view, especially such as involve any amount of active employment. For sedentary pursuits, however, the best corrective is to take sufficient exercise both before and after resuming such labor, and none who are in possession of natural gifts of locomotion can complain of inability to pay the little need of service which Nature requires, but which she inexorably exacts.

Diet is one of those points upon which not only doctors but laymen disagree; but the labors of the most eminent chemists of modern times have established it as a fundamental principle, that sufficiency of nutritive matter of its kind, and not an adherence to any particular variety of food, is requisite for sustaining the proper functions of the stomach and for contributing substantially to our whole frame. Amongst the ancients pig's flesh was most commonly employed as the diet for training purposes, and we have long commemorated the virtues of beef in connection with our own displays of pure muscular strength; and, indeed, to such a degree has it become a popular notion that this latter kind of sustenance is most favorable that most people are content, without other consideration, to rely upon its infallibility. Yet it is perfectly well known that the Spanish peasants, who include some of the strongest and most agile men in the world, satisfy their hunger upon black bread and onions; and the Smyrnan porter, who will carry a load in some cases exceeding eight hundred weight, needs a no more ample repast than a few dates. In all cases it is necessary

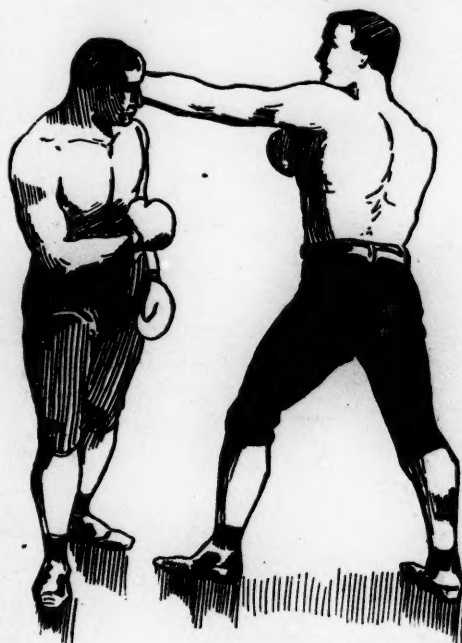
No one should be without a collection of our elegant cabinet photographs of all the pugilists, athletes and actresses. They only cost 10 cents each.

to observe the influences of climate upon the bodily habit—to distinguish between the astringent diet of the eastern, which would inevitably lead to costivity in an inhabitant of our own country, for example, and the fat-devouring propensities of the far northern, whose unctuous meals would, with literal truth, "choke a black." It may be easily perceived how this difference is created by only a slight alteration of geographical position.

It is a mistaken notion that variety of food is pernicious. Partake of as many dishes as you like, but be as moderate in your selection from a dozen as you would be were your choice confined to only one.

Again, a golden rule is not to overload the stomach at stated intervals for the mere sake of saying that you have breakfasted, dined or supped. Generally regular exercise and habits will create a necessity for regular meals; but the want itself should be experienced ere its satisfaction (which should be the sole aim of eating and drinking) is attempted. Such exceptions to this rule may arise as the customary employment of a biscuit at early morn to dispel the phlegm and give tone to the salivatory organs, or of gruel or barley water at night to allay or prevent bronchial irritation; but on the whole the rule is beneficial.

Certainly, with regard to pugilists, who have generally to make up for previous excesses, and whose object is to get up in stamina what they have usually to lose in substance, it is necessary to modify the ordinary rule of dietetics, and even in some cases to force Nature to the desired end. Under such circumstances it is that the strict employment of solid food is necessary, and that grilled chops, roasted steaks, hard biscuits, and water colored with brandy or sherry, become a *sine qua non*. This sort of preparation, it should be remembered, involves a question of time, and does not interfere with the regimen of those who only aim at uniform good health. There are two ways of regarding courage—the sentimental and the practical. We prefer the latter. It was an observation of the late Duke of Wellington that "he never saw a coward in his life;" and most probably the admission was true.

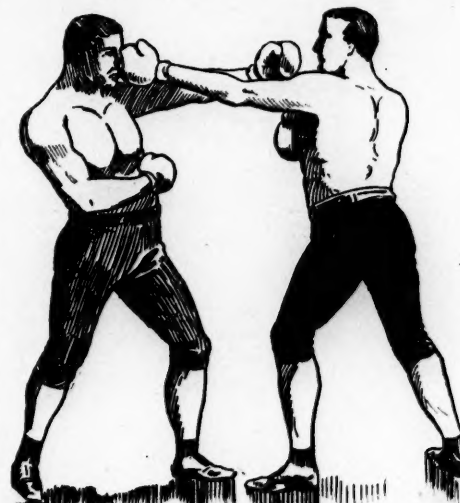


SIDE STEPS.

There always awaits the emergency in the human heart a spirit of antagonism that no force can subdue, no opposition terrify. In its highest development it nerves the warrior to assault the deadly breach, and even in its lowest it arrests sympathy for the lowly worm that, trodden under foot, will still turn against its persecutor.

Endurance is a faculty partially natural, partially acquired. Naturally it appertains to a fine physical formation and a robust constitution; but much depends upon the mode of training. It is related of the Spanish coasters, who number the bravest and hardiest fishermen in the world, that the mothers are in the habit of accustoming their children, while yet at the breast, not only with the sound of, but with contact with the waves; and among those who follow the perilous pursuits of our own land, such as mining, etc., whose dangers strike dismay upon strangers, it is to the effects of custom that is to be referred the almost apathetic feeling with which occupations are gone about in which death and destruction are ever imminent. It was a saying of one of the French kings that he must have been a bold man who first snuffed a candle with his fingers; and the remark may be as well applied to the originator of every novelty involving in its first stage a doubtful result.

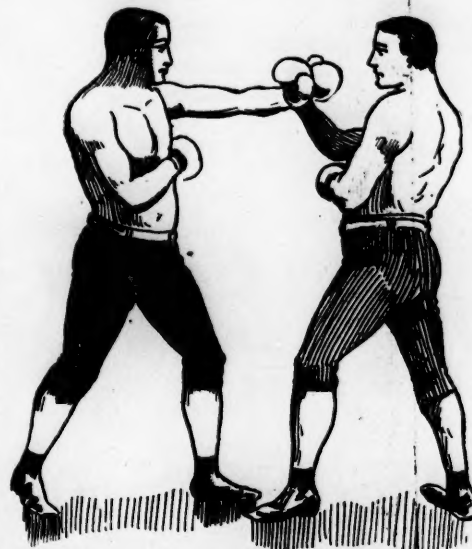
Charles Lamb, whose profound acquaintance with human nature may reconcile us to one of his truisms under the garb of fiction, makes quite a pathetic picture of the circumstances attending the introduction of roast pork into China. These examples, however, trench rather on courage than endurance. We have numberless instances of men having devoted their



LEFT-HAND LEAD OFF AT THE HEAD WITHOUT GUARDING.

bodies to perfect excesses of abstemiousness, rigorous exercise and modification. Cases of the first nature abound in our ecclesiastical annals, and are not unknown at the present day. A few years ago a man who, though detected and imprisoned as an impostor (Bar-nard Kavanagh), was well known to have existed with-

out sustenance for extraordinarily long periods, displayed his wonderful powers of endurance in this respect to the public. Agility and flexure of the human body have been carried to a marvelous extent by con-



RIGHT-HAND GUARD FOR THE HEAD.

stant practice, as is exemplified by our most celebrated modern hopbats, and the writer himself is enabled, by long habit, to employ the Indian clubs, dumbbells, etc., in a way that he has found none of his contemporaries to equal.

Standing erect, with his chest extended and his head thrown back, he can, grasping the dumb-bells, bring his hands straight up from his hips, give the requisite turn at the shoulder blade, cross and recross his wrists and forearms before and behind, and bring his arms to their former posture almost without an effort. It may be accepted as a rule that constant practice will ultimately attain perfection, be the physical difficulties what they may. In an age when blind men are taught to distinguish colors by the touch, and the faculties of the senses of hearing, etc., are restored by means involving only a reasonable amount of perseverance, it is surely not too much to assert that any man may be rendered the possessor of pugilistic abilities by adequate training. Let those who would despair, but remember that Lord Byron, a cripple, was confessedly one of the hardest pupils under tutelage.

The acquirement of powers of endurance, as will be seen, depends much upon training.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"LYNCH THE TENDERFOOT!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three months ago the widow McCool, whose natural beauty and grace is heightened by her sombre attire, became agent for the stage company at Dry Chyenne, a station between Douglas and Buffalo, W. T., says a special to the Chicago Herald, March 7. She was a genuine heartbreaker, and every cowboy and ranchman in the region became a victim to her fascinations, while few travelers left the place heartwhole. Mrs. McCool finally selected Frank Mead, son of a wealthy ranchman, and they were to have been wedded this month. Last week James Kidd, an Omaha drummer, and a handsome and lively fellow, passed the place. He became enamored of the widow and soon returned to press his suit with great fervor. The glib tongue, stylish dress and polished manners of the traveler captured the widow and she surrendered. The jilted lover sulked in jealousy and awaited a favorable opportunity for revenge or redress. Tuesday night a large crowd attended a dance at Dry Chyenne, W. T. When the festivities were most hilarious Mead, overtaking Kidd in the center of the ball room, slapped his face and gave him a frightful tongue lashing. The widow, with snapping eyes, twitted her new lover with cowardice. Thus encouraged he drew a revolver and commenced firing recklessly, being too frightened to use the weapon effectively. In an instant a dozen six-shooters were in action. No one heeded the wounded, but when Ed Cook, Mead's partner, fell with a bullet from the drummer's gun through his brain there was a cessation of artillery music. There were cries of "Lynch the tenderfoot!" but the drummer had become a Westerner in a remarkably short time. He backed to the door with the widow as a shield, and the pair mounted one horse and dashed away. They soon reached a railway and proceeded to Chadron, Neb., where they were united in marriage. Sheriff Williams of Converse County, is in pursuit of Kidd and his bride.

ANOTHER BIG WINNER.

A Broker Draws \$30,000 From the Louisiana State Lottery.

Many of the prizes won at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery were secured by ticket holders in San Francisco. This paper on Wednesday gave the names of two persons who got \$15,000 each. Another gentleman, E. Fritsch, partner in the firm of Kuhl, Roemer & Co., brokers on Pine street, won \$30,000, one-tenth of the capital prize.

Mr. Roemer has been in business for a number of years and accepted the \$30,000 with a great deal of philosophy.

"What will you do with the money, Mr. Fritsch?"

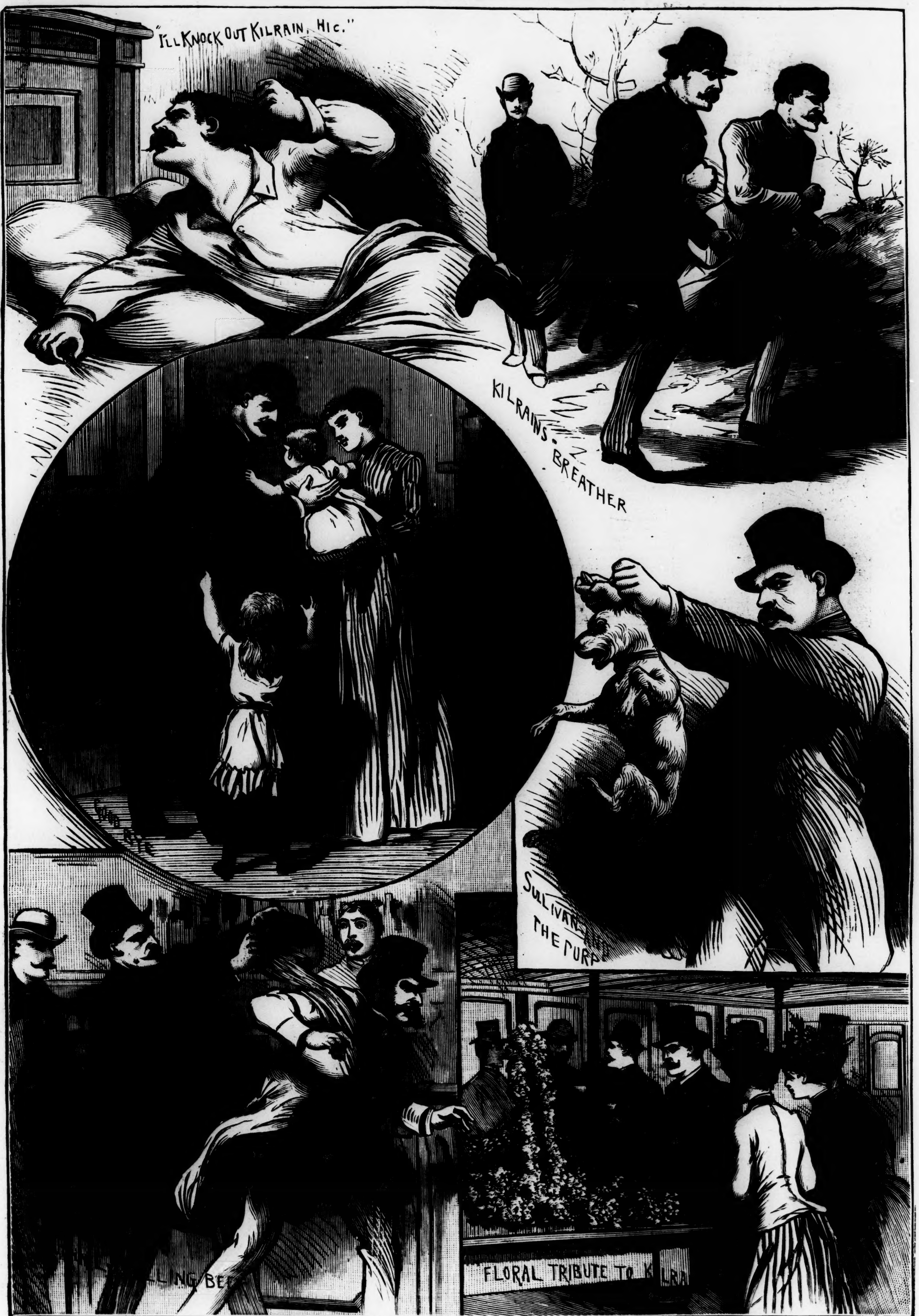
"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I'll invest it, I suppose. I did not need it, you know, but can find some good use for it."

"How many tickets did you buy?"

"I got a couple of coupons for \$2 and they proved worth just \$30,000. I have been buying tickets for some time. I consider it just as safe an investment as stocks—safer maybe. No big ticket holder can depreciate the value of the one you hold, the way a stockholder can run down the price of mining shares. A dollar or two a month isn't felt very much, and one will hit the winning ticket some time. That's how I look at it. I know all about stocks and shares, and am of the opinion that this small investment of mine is safer and surer than any I could make in mines."

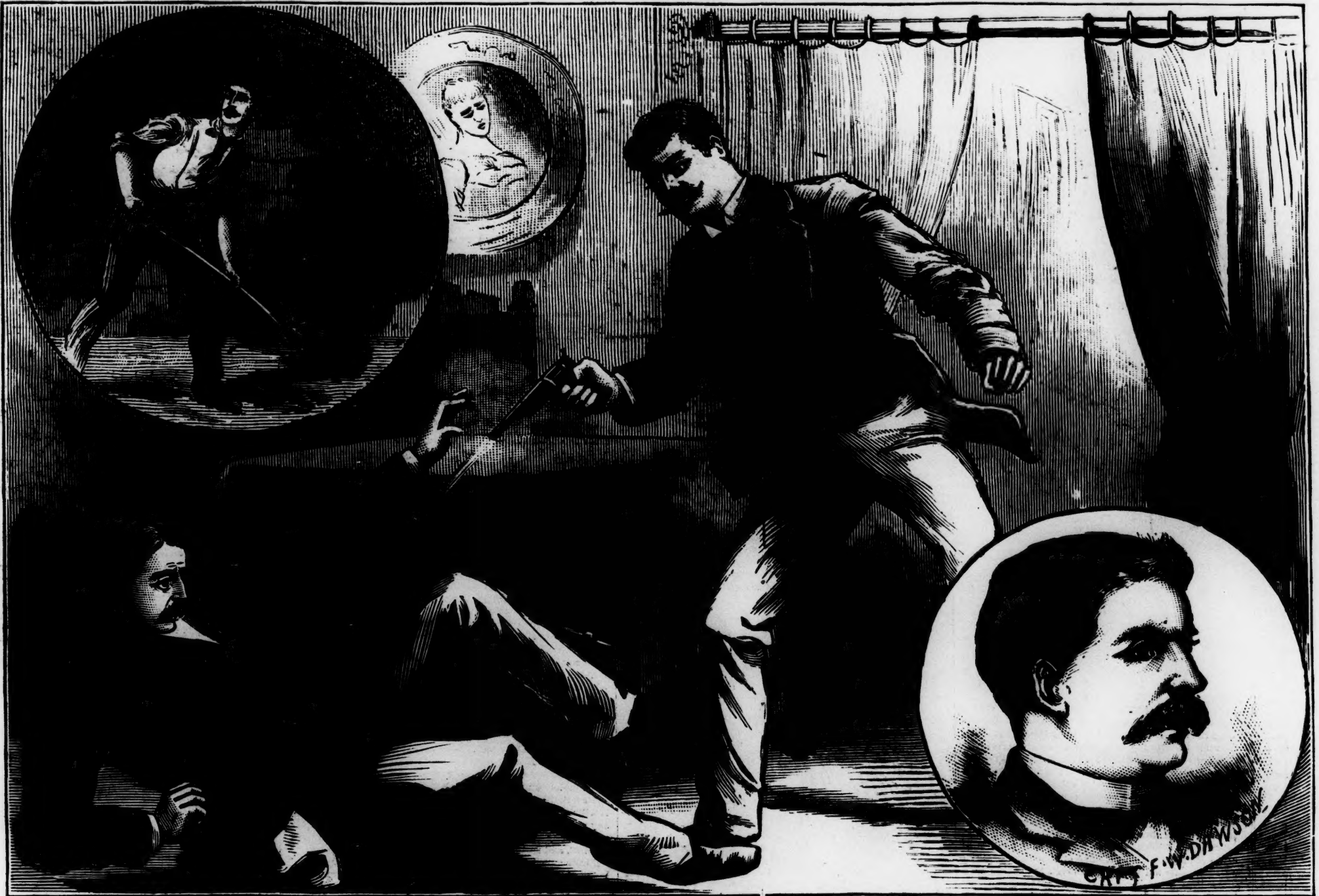
Since Mr. Fritsch's good fortune has been made known, he has been the object of much attention from acquaintances and strangers. Many people bring him money and ask him to buy tickets for them. He has a very charming family and a beautiful home in Alameda.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, March 1.

If there is no news-dealer in your town that sells the POLICE GAZETTE, send \$1 to this office and the paper will be sent to you for 12 weeks.



KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN.

GOOD AND EVIL AS TYPIFIED AND CONTRASTED IN THE LIVES AND HABITS OF TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN PUGILISTS,
THE BOSTON BOY AND OUR CHAMPION JAKE.



KILLED HIS ACCUSER.

CAPT. F. W. DAWSON CHARGES DR. McDOW WITH BETRAYING HIS PRETTY MAID SERVANT AND THE LATTER RETALIATES WITH A MURDEROUS BULLET AT CHARLESTON, S. C.



COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF HEARD.

SENATOR, RIDDLEBERGER OF VIRGINIA, WHILE ENDEAVORING TO OBTAIN RECOGNITION IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, IS FORCED OUT BY THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

BASEBALL.

The Clash Between the League and the Association.

CURIOUS CONFLICT IN DATES.

It seems strange that the League and Association can't arrange their schedules so as to avoid conflicting. They profess friendship, but at the same time they scheme and plot continually to see how much injury they can do one another. As Philadelphia is the only city where these two great professional bodies clash, one would imagine that they would shift things around so that Decoration Day would be the only day in the season when both clubs would play at home on the same day.



NOT LAZY, BUT BORN TIRED.

Not so, however, as that would be too much like doing what is right. Instead of one, there are fifteen conflicting dates in Philadelphia. This is on the order of biting your nose off to spite your face.

This is rich: "Pitcher Galvin advises ball players to take a long rest during the winter season. A few months' idleness will not injure the muscles, he says." Jimmy is one of the kind that is a thorough believer in plenty of rest. He could rest winter and summer both without getting tired. If he could see his way clear to support his family without working, Galvin is not lazy, but he had the misfortune to be born tired.

This thing of signing a pitcher on the strength of his brother's reputation is poor policy. Wheeling has signed a brother of Chamberlain. Two crack pitchers do not come out of the same family, as good pitchers are scarce and do not grow on bushes. When it comes to making a railroad jump of 1,388 miles with out stopping over to play a game, it takes all the romance out of ball playing, and makes a fellow feel as though he is doing hard work.



WHAT TAKES THE ROMANCE OUT OF BALL PLAYING.

Pittsburg got it in the neck in great shape when the League schedule was prepared, as they have only been given two games at home in May, the best month of the season, and twenty-one in August, the very bummiest month.

Tener is going to retire from the baseball arena. He could not do so at a better time. Not that he has seen his best days by any means, but he has had a life position offered him as secretary of the Chambers Glass Company, at Jeannette, Pa., and he retires with all the glory and honor of having made the famous tour of the world with the Spalding combination.

Brooklyn took in \$40,000 last year on Sunday games, and still they have the nerve to say they are not making any money.

With Manning and Hamilton in the outfield for Kansas City, they need have but little fear of being annoyed by flies lighting in their garden.

It is tough on the old players, who are compelled to take a back seat and make room for the youngsters, they treated with such utter contempt a few years ago.

It is becoming a mania. First, Sunday got it, and now it has cropped out in Catcher Vaughn, of the Louisville club. It must be contagious.

The trip around the world is, without an exception, the greatest that has ever been made in the known world in sporting circles, and it has been a grand success from start to finish. It is the first trip on record of baseball being exhibited in a scientific form on all parts of the globe.

A grand banquet is to be followed the American Tourists on their arrival, and from the men at the head of the movement it is fair to predict that it will be a grand success.

The New York club will make a big bid this year to win the



MORRIS AND KUEHNE ENTERTAINING FRIENDS.

League pennant again, and it is dollars to doughnuts that they will get there once more.

Morris and Kuehne spent a very profitable winter in Pittsburg running a green cloth establishment, where they entertained many of their friends.

Johnny Ward is making a big bluff, but the chances are ten to one that he will play in the territory between second and third for New York this year.

Jack Rowe and Deacon White seem to have crawled into a hole and pulled it shut after them. They have had a barrel of free advertising, and a very child three years old, from Maine to Oregon, knows that they were very independent and sassed the League like good fellows. That was when the snow was on the

ground. It is getting around toward the time for opening the season, and both these gentlemen are keeping as quiet as mice.

President Day, of the New York club, is of the opinion that Boston is strong enough, and he says that they shall never have



PRESIDENT DAY'S WARNING TO WARD.

Ward, that if Johnny is not satisfied with Washington he will have to play in New York or get out of the business.

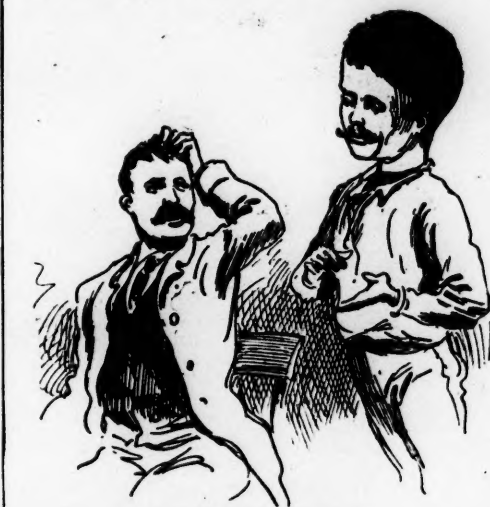
It looks as though the League was going to have a pretty tough time cramming the graded salary business down their players' throats.

Jim Keenan is something of a scrapper, and he has had several offers from sparring combinations.

From general appearances Chris Von der Ahe will have to dive away down deep into his pocket before he can induce some of his leading stars to sign.

Tommy Esterbrook expects to get great work out of the Louisville this season. Tom is a hard worker himself, and a good deal of hustler, and it is quite likely that if he can get the boys to work together he will make the best clubs in the Association look sharp for their laurels.

Bob Clark's head is just about four times its usual size. It grew during the winter, and in consequence of the additional



BOB CLARK'S BIG HEAD.

weight he has to carry upon his shoulders he has only asked for an increase of \$500 in his salary.

If Billy Sunday keeps up his good work he will make Sunday school boys of even our toughest ball players.

Reddy Mack has at last taken a tumble and has gone to the Hot Springs to get bolted out for the summer.

The prospects are that there will be a scrap between the League and the Brotherhood as soon as Ward gets back from Europe.

The great Dairymple, who once figured so prominently with the Chicago club, will guard left field this year for a minor league club, as he will play in Denver along with McClellan and a few other old-timers who have seen their best days and are now traveling down on the shady side of prosperity.

The rumor that the New York offered Hatfield, Whitney and Welch and \$3,000 in cash for Denny is about the most absurd



THE NEW YORK'S OFFER FOR DENNY.

rumor that ever got into circulation. That would be paying dearly for a reservoir.

From the display that the Port Jervis people are making about the club that is to represent their town this year, one would imagine it was one of the strongest teams in the world, and would compete for the championship of either the National League or American Association.

Some men are passionately fond of notoriety, and they fairly throw money away in order to gain prominence. Jacobs isn't satisfied with having a million and a half of theatres, but he is dipping into baseball in order that every person in the world shall know just who Jacobs is. He has a big scheme of his own, and he intends to play hob. He will have his baseball league, and each club in it will be composed of gentlemen connected with one of his theatres. He is going to do the thing up in big shape, and the boys will all ride in palace cars—that is, this is the way they will open the season—but if no one goes to see their games, there is no doubt an emigrant train will be very acceptable to them before the middle of the campaign.

Talk about going back to your old love. There is nothing like it. Tub Welch is a rattling nice ball player, and he can get plenty of chances to play ball up North, but Gilveston, Texas, is good enough for him, as they are not quite so particular down there, and the prospects of going in the cooler before morning are not so promising.

Curry's past experience has made him sort of callous, and he will act this season as sub umpire for the National League. It is hardly likely that he will stand so much in awe of the players and the crowd as in days gone by, and on this account it is to be hoped he will give better satisfaction.

"JUNE."

If there is no newsdealer in your town that sells the POLICE GAZETTE, send \$1 to this office and the paper will be sent to you for 13 weeks.

FROM ABROAD.

Completing the Arrangements for the Smith-Mitchell Glove Fight in England.

KILRAIN'S DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE FROM GEORGE W. ATKINSON.]

LONDON, March 15.

RICHARD K. FOX: The arrangements have been completed for the glove fight between Jem Smith, champion of England, and Charley Mitchell for £400 and the championship of England. The men are to meet on the 23d inst. and contend in a ten-round glove contest, each round to last three minutes with one minute rest between each.

Smith's backer, Ernest C. Welles, president of the Pelican Club, is confident Smith will win, and among the members of the Pelican, Albert and Victoria clubs there has been considerable speculation, Smith being a slight favorite at 5 to 4, which odds have been accepted by Captain Jenks, Pony Moore, Mr. Razar, Charley Rowell and other followers of Mitchell.

Smith has been carefully trained by Jem Howes, who prepared him for his battle with Alf Greenfield and his international battle with Jake Kilrain for the "Police Gazette" champion belt.

Both Mitchell and Smith are trying to secure the services of Jack Baldock. Mitchell is anxious that Kilrain will arrive to assist in seconding him.

Jake Kilrain, the champion, who sailed for Europe last week, arrived in this city on March 12, and at once proceeded to the POLICE GAZETTE building, making the private offices of the proprietor his headquarters.

Kilrain's arrival spread like wildfire, and the champion in his modest and unassuming way cordially received the many callers who came to see him.

Among the well-known sporting men who made a special visit to the POLICE GAZETTE office for this purpose, and also to wish the champion a bon voyage and safe return, were E. F. Mallahan, Frank Stevenson, Johnny Reagan, John Courtney, of Brooklyn; John F. Stroub, and the shining lights of the sporting and daily newspapers.

Kilrain, as usual, had very little to say. "My trip to Europe has two purposes," he said. "One is that it will enable me to be present at the Mitchell-Smith glove fight. I will be in Mitchell's corner, and this will enable me to study Smith's style thoroughly. I understand that my friends have backed me conditionally against Smith, but I am handicapped by Sullivan's movements. It will not do for me to take any chances. If Sullivan shows any inclination to go on with the fight I will return in the last week of May. If he doesn't I shall go on a sparring tour with Mitchell, and remain in England as long as it will pay me."

Kilrain added that he weighed about 215 pounds; that he will weigh about 180 pounds when he meets Sullivan on July 2.

After holding a levee at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Kilrain with the party lunched, and then with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE he visited several prominent sporting resorts, the champion afterward putting up with John L. Stroub, Pony Moore's half brother, at Oyster Bay, Harlem, where he remained until the following day, when he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and with Richard K. Fox drove to the steamer at the foot of West Tenth street.

A tremendous crowd assembled at the White Star pier, and when the carriage which contained the champion, Kilrain; Richard K. Fox, John L. Stroub and W. E. Harding arrived the crowd cheered Kilrain and there was a rush to see America's gentlemanly champion.

A strong force of private and special police tried to keep the crowd back, but it was in vain. The sporting men, who comprised all grades and shades, soon surrounded Kilrain, and after fifteen minutes spent in handshaking, Kilrain, with Richard K. Fox, boarded the steamer and proceeded to his stateroom, where several baskets of champagne were opened, Kilrain making a first-class expert at pulling the cork, as he was anxious that his legion of friends should all quaff of the sparkling nectar. Kilrain received a splendid floral horseshoe which sat stationery on a large bed of roses of variegated colors. On each side of the base was a broad green ribbon, on which was inscribed in gilt letters: "Jake Kilrain, Champion of America; Bon Voyage and Safe Return." In the centre of the bed of roses, under the archway of the horseshoe, was a beautiful Irish flag of silk with a sunburst and harp engraved on it, while Kilrain's colors, a silk American flag floated proudly from the horseshoe. On top was a neat, plain card which read: To the Champion, Jake Kilrain; Compliments of Richard K. Fox."

Among the crowd who were present were authors, newspaper editors, politicians, actors, business men, merchants, etc., who were all eager to catch a glimpse of the champion, or shake hands with him.

Among the mass of humanity could be seen Captain Boyle, John L. Stroub, Frank Stevenson, John Reagan, Frank Carroll, Harry Hill, Archie St. Clair, Ex-Alderman Malloy, E. F. Mallahan, Billy Madden, Jack McAuliffe, Billy Reid, John Courtney, of Brooklyn; Tony Pastor, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Billy O'Brien, Billy Edwards, Hon. Tim Sullivan, Steve Brodie, Bob Smith, Tom McAlpine, Tom O'Brien, Al Power, Harry Webb, Dominick McCaffrey, Jim Barclay, Mike Donohue, F. J. Sharkey, Dom, Inick McLeonard, Wallace Ross, Dick Hill, George Young, Alderman McCarthy, A. P. Messenger, Major McGuire, Jack Gallagher, Mike Cleary, Jack Files, McKeever Brothers, E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, Wm. McMahon, of Brooklyn, Dooney Harris, Jim Seckerson, Jimmy Patterson.

The crowd waited until the Adriatic steamed out of her dock and headed for the ocean. Flags and kerchiefs waved until the steamer was lost in the distance.

Before leaving, Kilrain whispered to the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Publish that I wanted no send-off, and expected none. This honor is a perfect surprise to me, and I am exceedingly grateful to my friends. I thank them for their kindness, and, while on a foreign soil, will do nothing that will disgrace either my calling, my friends or my country. Wherever I go the American flag fringed with green will be my colors. I cannot forget Ireland, you know, for my mother is from Ireland."

The New York Herald, March 14, said: "Jake Kilrain sailed on the White Star steamer Adriatic yesterday afternoon. His stateroom was No. 28, and his hosts of friends who came to see him off filled it with flowers. The modest pugilist, who says he now scales 215 pounds without his overcoat, told me he never felt better in his life. He does not expect to be gone over two months, as he has strong hopes that Sullivan will brace up, stop drinking and encourage his backers to put up their share of that final deposit of \$5,000 a side for the championship battle next July."

Kilrain will be met on his arrival in Liverpool by a delegation of Englishmen, headed by Pony Moore. After a friendly bout with Mitchell at Moore's benefit in London he will finish up Mitchell's training for the match with Jem Smith. He expects that Mitchell will get the better of Smith, and then Kilrain and Mitchell will go on a sparring tour of Great Britain and Ireland."

The great static encounter between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, and John L. Sullivan, the famous exponent of the art of self-defense, who are matched to enter the orthodox 24-foot ring and battle according to London prize ring rules on July 8, within 200 miles of New Orleans, is now becoming one of the principal topics in fistic and sporting circles in all parts of the world.

The stakes are to be £2,000 (\$10,000) a side, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of

the world. Already one-half the amount which the men are to battle for is in the hands of the New York Clipper, and on April 17 the balance of the money, \$10,000, \$5,000 on each side, is to be posted, when a final stakeholder is to be selected, who will act as custodian of the small fortune until the battle is either lost or won, or the referee decides the contest a draw.

The stakes Kilrain and Sullivan are to contend for are the largest amount that two pugilists ever were matched to battle for, either in this country, Australia or England.

Kilrain will return from England in May, when he will commence training.

Pete Hart's unknown knocked out Jack Kearns, of Greenpoint, at Rutherford, N. J., on March 16, in 8 rounds.

Jack Hopper knocked out Jim McHugh in a ten-round glove contest on March 16 at Troy. Bully for Hopper.

Joe Thompson knocked out Tip McGlynn in a glove contest lasting three rounds, at a resort on Long Island, on March 16.

On March 16 Tommy Murtha defeated Jack Hawley, the Brooklyn light-weight, in six 3-minute rounds, at Brooklyn.

John A. Marsh, the manager of the Detroit News Company and a well-known Western admirer of sports, was in this city last week and had a pleasant time.

Chas. F. Blatt, the "Police Gazette" champion cannon ball catcher, was in this city last week. He puts up a 250 pound dumbbell, and offers \$500 to any one who can lift and handle the bell.

Richard Roche, the backer of Jack McAuliffe, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office March 16, posted \$1,000 for-fist with Richard K. Fox, and issued a challenge to match Jake Schaefer, the champion billiard player, against any man in the world to play from 500 to 1,000 points for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the championship; the match to be played in New York, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

Edward Sampson, of the "Licensed Victuallers' Mirror," published in London, who is one of the leading sporting authorities in England, has issued a sporting book entitled, "Tales of the Fancy." It is a book of 300 pages containing twenty-three sporting anecdotes written from actual facts, and is a valuable and interesting, and will be mailed for one shilling or thirty cents.

A testimonial benefit will be tendered to Prof. James Douglas Andrews at the Academy of Music, Montague street, Brooklyn, on Monday, April 8, 1889. The programme will consist of open handicap events; running high jump and pole vault, etc. Prof. Andrews is a thorough expert in his line, and the class of pupils which has been under his instruction, and by which this entertainment is given, will no doubt be able to distinguish itself.

Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, and Ernest Roeder, of this city, signed articles at the POLICE GAZETTE office March 18 to wrestle catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman styles, best three in five falls, for \$250 a side. The match will take place on March 25, at Worcester, Mass. Richard K. Fox holds the stakes. The referee will be selected the night of the match. The Jap posted an extra hundred dollars with Mr. Fox to bind a match with H. M. Dufur, John Graham and Duncan C. Ross, each of whom he challenges to meet him at the above styles of wrestling for \$250 to \$500 a side, two weeks from signing articles.

Billy Reid, the backer of Johnny Reagan, the well-known middle-weight posted \$200 with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE on March 16, and issued a challenge offering to match Johnny Reagan to meet Jack Dempsey, at 164 pounds or under, according to Richard K. Fox rules, with gloves, for \$1,000 a side and the middle-weight championship of America; the contest to be decided in two, three or four months from signing articles, within 100 miles of New York; the referee to be selected at the ring side. Dempsey and Reagan fought for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion belt in December, 1887. The battle was fought in two rings, and after a desperate encounter lasting 45 rounds Dempsey won. Reagan is very anxious to meet Jack again.

Hugh McManus, the well-known pugilist, of St. Louis, formerly of Rich Hill, Mo., through A. H. Spink, of the Sporting News, St. Louis, has forwarded \$200 with the following challenge to Dan Daly and Charley Kelly, which means business: ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 10.

SPORTING EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—Having heard so much talk about the fistic abilities of the Daly brothers and Charley Kelly, I am eager to meet them in the arena, according to London rules or "Police Gazette" rules, at catch weights, for \$1,000 a side, with gloves, for a contest with either of the Dalys or Kelly any time they are willing to cover my money and arrange a match. If they fail to cover my money the sporting men throughout the country will at once come to the conclusion that their numerous offers to arrange a match have been merely bluffs. I mean business. Yours, etc., HUGH McMANUS.

McManus is well-known in fistic circles, having figured in numerous battles in the "squared" circle. Now that he has put up a forfeit, if Dan Daly and his brother or Charley Kelly mean business, and cover his money, there is not the least doubt that a match will be ratified, and the long rivalry that has existed between the Dalys and the McManus contingents is at last settled by a battle within the roped arena.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, met the backer of Mike Daly, the Bangor pugilist, at the POLICE GAZETTE office March 16. Daly proposed to match the Bangor pugilist against McAuliffe, to contend with gloves, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" belt, which represents the light-weight championship. McAuliffe refused to arrange a match for less than \$2,500 a side. For nearly two hours both sides wrangled, and could not come to any agreement, when finally Captain Bill agreed to arrange the match upon the following conditions: The stakes to be \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which McAuliffe now holds, and the light weight championship; each side to be allowed fifty men, and Al Smith to be referee; the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE to act as final stakeholder.

These terms were accepted by McAuliffe and his manager, Billy Madden, but when the time of meeting to decide the contest arrived there was another wrangle. McAuliffe wanted four months, having just trained, and fought Myers. Finally it was agreed that the battle should be decided on August 4, and that the men should weigh on August 5, twelve hours before entering the ring. Five hundred dollars is now up, and the second deposit of \$1,250 a side is to be posted on May 1, and the final deposit of \$1,000 a side on August 1, when the place of weighing will be agreed upon.

Recently, as illustrated in this issue, Hugh Leonard and Tom McInerney, of the Cincinnati Athletic Club, wrestled at the People's Theatre, Cincinnati. The match was catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman style, and was a long and protracted struggle. The men wrestled 1 hour and 28 minutes without taking a rest. In that time both contestants scored doubtful falls, although they were made in quick order, and escaped the referee's notice. At the end of 14 minutes Leonard raised McInerney bodily from the floor, lifted him above his head and slammed him to the mattress. He alighted on his head and shoulders, and it looked like a fall. One hour and fourteen minutes later Leonard, in attempting to lift McInerney and fall with him, came down on the mattress on both shoulders. The referee did not see it. McInerney had acted on the defense all this time. They then took a rest of five minutes for a rub-down, and when they resumed both went to work with a will. McInerney now doing as much work as his opponent. They pushed and hauled each other over the stage for fully an hour longer, both doing their share of aggressive work. The manager of the theatre made two or three efforts to have the men call it a draw, but McInerney invariably objected. He was fresh yet and in good condition. Leonard, too, was apparently as strong as he was at the outset. Both looked good for an all-night siege. The crowd, which was a large one, stayed in their seats and clamored for the contestants to continue. Manager Fennessy finally told McInerney he would give him the entire purse of \$50 if he would agree to a draw. He agreed to the proposition, and after 2 hours and 25 minutes of wrestling the men shook hands and quit. It was nearly 1 o'clock in the morning when the match closed.

WHITECHAPEL MURDERS—giving a full and authentic account of the great London mystery. Price, 25 cents.

REFEREE.

Patsy Hogan's Communication Concerning the Battle Between Glover and Choyinski.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE LATTER.

I see that Billy Myers is again eager to meet Jack McAuliffe in the magic circle. In an interview at Aurora, Ill., on March 12, Myers said:

"My money, \$2,500, is still up. That says I am ready to meet McAuliffe anywhere for a fight to a finish. No crowd, either, this time. A square fight to see who is the best man. Have the spectators limited to twenty-five on a side."

"Since McAuliffe pulled his money out last Thursday, I call it considerable gall on his part to now challenge me to fight in New York city."

If Myers is in earnest, and means fighting and not talking, it will be an easy matter for him to ratify a match with the Brooklyn boxer. McAuliffe has posted \$250 to arrange a match with Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., for \$2,500 and the light-weight championship, and should Daly not enter into a contract to meet McAuliffe, why all Myers would have to do is to put up \$250 and cover McAuliffe's money and arrange a match. I know two men in New York city and Boston who are ready to back the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

McAuliffe has made several trips to the East and West to meet his challengers, and he intends in future to let in the case of all pugilists who are looking for the light-weight championship, and pretend by newspaper challenges that they are ready to meet him, on having the stakes down and the rope stretched nearer home, and in view of the North Judson affair, no one can blame him.

I have it on the best authority that a well-known sporting man of this city has sent over to England for Teddy Pritchard, the now famous English middle-weight, who recently fought Jimmy Hayes in London, and had him holding signals of distress in the fourth round, so that his backers saw danger lights and broke down the ring, and the win, tie or wrangle tactics followed.

It is the intention of the party who is negotiating with Pritchard to come to this country, to match him against Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, first. Fistic champions of greater note will be tackled afterward, providing Pritchard knocks the Clevelander out.

The idea of the sore heads who do not admire Jake Kilrain claiming that he is English, and prefers Abdon's white cliffs to America's Bosh. Kilrain is a native born American. His father first saw the light of day at Roxbury, Mass., while his mother was born in Athlone, Ireland. During Kilrain's last trip to England at every boxing exhibition he had the Stars and Stripes in his corner, with the immortal fog of green, Ireland's flag, entwined with it, and his entire overture was always Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner.

Kilrain is an American of Irish descent, and he is proud of it, so he said on board the Adriatic when he was about to sail for England.

I clipped the following from the "Sporting News," of St. Louis, which is from the pen of A. H. Spink: "Were Sullivan himself, wine and whiskey free, there would perchance be little doubt as to the outcome of this battle, but as the two stand to-day Kilrain should enter the ring the favorite. Being both native born Americans, prejudice will rule neither side, and as sure as eggs are eggs the best man will be allowed to win. We have no choice, but simply wish both a fair field and no favors."

There are no new developments in the McAuliffe-Myers matter. Dick Roche, the backer of McAuliffe, is more confident than ever that Jack can whip Myers, and he is willing to back him against any man in the world for \$5,000.

Jimmy Colville, an intimate friend of Jack's, in speaking of the Brooklyn fighter, said that not one of the admirers of McAuliffe have lost faith in him, and that they would bet twice the amount they did on the last fight, confident that Jack can defeat him, and in fact we would bet any amount that Sam Blacklock, the English light-weight, now matched to fight Jimmy Carroll, can whip Myers.

There is considerable talk being made now about Jim Carney wanting to fight McAuliffe. Well, if he comes to this country I will wager \$5,000 to \$4,000 that McAuliffe can defeat him.

I have read in the New York "Herald," "World," "Sun" and the daily papers of the country that weekly come before my notice, pages of matter in regard to John L. Sullivan's escapades, pranks and eccentricities, and must say, if they are all true, Sullivan is introducing a new preparatory routine of training which no pugilist in my time ever went through.

It may be or may not be true that Sullivan has been carrying out the programme in question, and figuring as the central figure in the many affairs and adventures mentioned, but if it is true, he should at once stop and think before it is too late. He should look back at the end of Johnny McGlade, Ned O'Baldwin and his backer, Felix Larkin, which was in all their cases brought about by the victims "seeing life," until they could not control themselves, bringing on quarrels until they were eventually wiped out.

Every man who is a pugilist, and especially one who poses as a champion, is made a target for abuse, and there is always a certain class who are looking for notoriety, trying to pick a quarrel with men of this kind, knowing that in a hand-to-hand encounter if they wiped out the pugilist with the use of a knife or pistol in nine cases out of ten they would escape not only long imprisonment and hanging, but would be held up as a hero among the class they mingled with.

Owing to these facts, pugilists, and especially champions or public favorites, should always have a cool head and a sharp eye and avoid brawls and wrangles, which may be done by the use of common sense and sober judgment.

Sullivan, who, I understand, reads this paper as soon as it can be purchased, should profit by this advice. He is matched to fight Jake Kilrain for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt (which he has longed to own for the past four years) and the largest amount of money ever fought for. One half the stakes are up, and his backers will only put up the balance, \$5,000, providing he in future lives abstemiously and exercises daily.

Should there be any fiasco over the final preliminaries of the match, next month in consequence of Sullivan's life of inebriety, it will not be on Kilrain's side. In that case no one will in future pay any attention to Sullivan as a champion or ex-champion, and he will, in a pugilistic way, pass into oblivion, and the thousands who have idolized him will give him the cold shoulder and discard him forever.

Even now the masses of the public, and even those who in the summer of 1887 styled Kilrain an impostor because he challenged Sullivan, now flock to his standard, and the majority believe that, after all that has been said, written and printed, and the fabrications that have been invented about him, he was misrepresented, and that he is not only a champion, ready to defend his claim to the title which he holds, but that he possesses the quality and quantity so necessary to be champion of the world.

Kilrain's last visit to New York was not spent in a debauch, but in quietly visiting friends. He did not attempt to be the central figure in a barroom squabble at the risk of his life; neither did he make any enemies. The scene at his departure proved that he is now appreciated and has the popular vote, simply because he earned and deserves it.

One would have judged, by the flourish of trumpets made by Sailor Brown and his supporters, that he was a phenomenon in a fistic way, but the crushing defeat he received at the hands of Young Mitchell, the dashing young middle-weight, on the Pacific Slope, on March 14, not only decided that he is not a good second-class middle-weight, but proved that his would-be supporters were not judges of pugilism and its varieties.

Inside of four weeks we shall be in the whirl of the turf season, and thousands in all parts of the country will be speculating on the thoroughbreds in races of the campaign of 1889.

At present the followers of the turf are betting on the Kentucky Derby, the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban. In looking over the entries I find the Suburban has fallen off forty-two entries in two years. People say it has gained in quality what it has lost in quantity. Admitting that for argument's sake, how is it going to result? In a pecuniary loss to the clubs. It is by big handicaps that they should be enabled to render their betting privileges valuable by getting out large fields.

You cannot get betting on races where a crack horse is in at a moderate weight. In Frenzi's numerous handicaps races last season there was no betting—her presence killed it. The public are learning that a real good horse can give a bad one sixty pounds, as Minton did last season over in England, and they won't bet.

The consequence is it is turning the public to look for betting, not in the important races where gentlemen's horses start and are run on the square, but to selling races, where the purse is so little and the class of owners so indifferent that betting on them is precarious.

Captain Sam Brown is now in Mobile, but will return to New Orleans and try to pick out a few winners at the New Orleans races.

When asked particularly about his racing cracks, Captain Brown said that Reporter had thickened up and grown into a grand-looking race horse. Cortez, who was also known as Intanta and the Invercauld colt, also promised extremely well, as did also the slashing dilly Senorita. His two-year-olds, he says, are good looking and promise well, but like all untried youngsters, he regards them as unknown quantities.

Blue Wing and Stuyvesant will join the racing string as they go North, and they leave Mobile April 5.

Troubadour has been permanently retired to the stud, and will not be trained again. Two or three of his foals have already been dropped on the farm this season. His owner, who very naturally thinks a great deal of him, says that though fully sixteen hands high, he has grown to be a very big horse for his inches, and that he would now weigh 1,300 pounds or over.

Stuyvesant will be also used in the stud during the early part of the season, but he will be trained for later engagements, and that Captain Brown expects him to train on all right.

I see that E. H. Garrison, better known as Snapper, the jockey, is no longer an admirer or backer of pugilists. He denounces the ring and its patrons without exception.

It will be remembered that he was the backer of Mike Cushing to the tune of \$500 in his recent battle with Harry Bartlett, the Englishman, and, although Cushing won the fight, Garrison gained but little, as he presented Mike with the stakes. A few outside wagers which he had made on the quiet were his own winnings.

Garrison and Mike Kelly, the horse trainer, were together at the pool tournament. When asked by a reporter, why he had deserted the ring, Garrison said: "I am done with them altogether, and don't even want to see a fight, let alone back a man. I had enough of the last and only fight I was ever mixed up in. They had me chasing all over town through mud and rain for two days and didn't even give me the tip personally, but sent me in charge of another man. Will I ever back Cushing? No, I won't have anything to do with anybody in conjunction with a prize fight."

I understand the California Athletic Club intends to put up a fat purse for Johnny Reagan and Young Mitchell to contend for, and that the Golden Gate Athletic Club, a rival organization, intend to do the same.

I don't know which of the famous organizations will secure the prize, but I must say that the judges of pugilism on the Pacific Slope, when they see Reagan in the arena, trained and fit in front of Young Mitchell, will say that there is no Sailor Brown about either his tactics or his battering abilities, and a contest in the arena between the undefeated Pacific Slope champion and Reagan will be worth paying \$25 a head to look at.

I have received a long letter from Patsy Hogan in regard to the recent battle between Frank Glover and Joe Choyinski.

"I must inform you," he says, "that California has found a man in Joe Choyinski who is worthy of the name of a first-class pugilist. As a fighter he is cool and collected, student of his opponent, a straight and effective hitter, a good judge of distance and a dead game man. His battle with an experienced man like Glover, last night, proves every word I say to be correct. For Glover, although a glutton to take punishment, has proved that he never was a first or second-class man. I, myself, had never seen him put up his hands before last night, and in the first round I bet a few dollars against him. In the beginning of the round I saw him make a vicious lead and close his eyes. I saw then he was an overrated man and would get licked sure. In the first round there was very little done, and from the second to the tenth it was all Choyinski. In the eleventh Glover seemed to be coming to himself, but could not hit to do any damage, while Choyinski was resting, using great caution, reserving his strength for the final struggle. Glover, at the end of the battle, with the exception of Jack Havlin, was the worst looking object that ever left a prize ring. He had some of his teeth knocked out, his nose was flattened, both eyes nearly closed, and he was over half an hour coming round after he was knocked out."

It looks rosy on paper to pose as a backer of wrestlers, boxers, etc., but it pulls heavily on a man's purse strings, especially when the party that is being backed tries to squeeze the sponge too dry, which is frequently the case. In my early days, when men backed walkers, runners, oarsmen and pugilists they did not fare half as well as they do nowadays. If a man did win what did he receive out of the stakes? But a widow's mite, for the training expenses and other financial items were deducted, and then the backer and the man he backed divided the very small balance.

Nowadays, the backers either give the men they have gambled on to conquer or be conquered all or the major part of the stakes and even then the victor is not satisfied with the spoils.

Over \$17,000 has been expended in improving the old Pottstown track over which Dubie drove Goldsmith Maid in 2:15 1/2 in October, 1878.

At Jacksonville, Ill., on March 5, the pigeon shooting contest for the American Field Championship Cup between J. R. Stice, holder of the champion cup, and C. W. Budd took place. Each man shot at 50 birds, 30 yards rise, and the result was a tie, the score being 27 to 27. The cup, therefore, remains in Stice's possession.

Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a history of those mysterious crimes, which have baffled the London police. Finely illustrated.

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Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

N. J. W., Boston.—A wins.
C. S. L., Ephrata, Pa.—Yes.
J. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Yes.
T. L. L., Alpena, Mich.—Thanks.
DAGO, Omaha, Neb.—A counts two points.
G. E. E., Birmingham, Conn.—Jack McAuliffe.
T. O. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—We did not receive any photo.
J. N. M., South Bethlehem, Pa.—Will reply in next issue.
H. M. A., Worcester, Mass.—Patsy Cardiff, at Minneapolis.
R. J. D., Texas.—1. About six years. 2. About seven years.
W. H. W., St. Charles, Ill.—B wins, for five sizes best five aces.

P. E. S., Lafayette, Ind.—1. No. 2. We have not space for the photo.
AJAX.—General debility from an improper mode of living.
ZENOS, Fort Robinson, Neb.—1. Send on Pierre's photo. 2. Thanks.

E. A. B., Peckville, Pa.—Apply at an enlistment office in New York city.
G. F. B.—Arthur Chambers' address is 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

R. W., Williamsport, Pa.—We do not know who breeds game fowls for sale.
D. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. A wins first prize. 2. The Jack counts. 3. No.

E. W., Tucson, Ariz.—Send on a forfeit and we will publish your challenge.
H. W. & J. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Connors claims he did, but Evan Lewis denies it.

J. W. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tom Cannon's address is 381 Main street, Cincinnati.
F. L. A., N. Y. City.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you "The American Athlete."

H. J. S., Glenham, N. Y.—We do not hold any forfeit on behalf of John W. Bowen.
M. J. D., Boston.—Jake Kilrain did weigh 237 pounds when he was at Buffalo, N. Y.

D. J., Newark, N. J.—Joe Coburn and Joe Wernald never fought as opponents.
T. A. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Neither side if they claim forfeit will receive the stakes.

D. W. P., Worcester, Mass.—Robert Campbell, of Philadelphia, is Forepaugh's manager.
T. J. W., Hartford, Conn.—1. Yes. 2. Jake Kilrain does own his own house in Baltimore.

H. S., Binghamton, N. Y.—One hundred and fifty-five pounds in his battle with Johnny Reagan.
J. H. M., Binghamton, N. Y.—Yes; once in a glove contest at San Francisco, and once at Mississippi City.

G. T., Los Angeles, Cal.—It records how many miles you travel. Send \$10 and we will send you one by express.
A. A. B. R., Falls, Wis.—Louis Cyr, the lifter, is living at Montreal. He is credited with lifting a 220-pound dumbbell.

T. D. W., Pawtucket, R. I.—He was not compelled to put up gold against bills, but your money was the same in value.
M. X. N. Y. City.—1. Yes. 2. The Jack. 3. Billy Kelly and Johnny Grady fought a draw. Mark Maguire was referee.

W. J. San Francisco.—There are several places of the kind in this city, but only one firm makes books on the English turf events.
R. M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We are not advised of any arrangements for a six-day race, consequently we do not know the conditions.

J. S. E., Washington, D. C.—The bet is off if the conditions made when the match was made were not mutually changed by the contestants.
T. J., Jersey City.—The next deposit in the Kilrain and Sullivan fight, we understand, is to be posted at the Clipper office, in this city, on April 15.

G. W. & D. J., Tulare, Cal.—Radbourne, of Boston, is the highest salaried pitcher. The exact amount paid is known only to the managers and player.
M. J. L., Waterville, Me.—154 pounds is the middle-weight limit according to London prize ring rules, and 165 pounds according to Queensberry rules.

J. F., Soldiers' Home, Va.—You might address Mr. Robert Fulford, Westminster Hotel, New York. He will, if he sees fit, give you the information desired.
H. M. B., Burdell, Miss.—Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan never fought. They are matched for \$20,000, to meet within 200 miles of New Orleans, La., on July 8.

M. J., Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.—Gaffe, athletic suits, baseball outfits, running costumes, or anything in the sporting goods line can be furnished by the POLICE GAZETTE.

H. E., Tawas City, Mich.—We do not know anything about the private affairs of Strokel, the pedestrian, except that he gained considerable fame in six-day races at Philadelphia.
A. B. C., Norfolk, Va., and J. B., Portsmouth, N. H.—Jake Kilrain's father was born at Roxbury, Mass., and his mother was born in Athlone, Ireland, Parish of Drum, Ireland.

A. J., Gilsey House, N. Y. City.—1. No. 2. Mike Coburn and Patsy Sheppard did fight at Cold Spring, Ind., the day Mike McAuliffe and Joe Coburn were to have fought, and B is correct.
A. SCHUBERT, Boyne, Kan.—We have no record of Sullivan's or Kilrain's performances lifting or of striking blows. Neither ever figured in such contests, either for practice or in a competition.

T. J., Bordentown, N. J.—1. A and B win the first and second prize. C and D have no claim on either first and second prize being beaten by A and B. 2. A and B tie has nothing to do with third prize. They tied for first and second and throw off, which C and D must also do to win third prize.

J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—A champion who holds a trophy which represents the championship does not forfeit or lose the trophy because in a contest he fails to defeat his opponent. If he was defeated he would forfeit the title, but in a contest or encounter which ends in a draw he retains the trophy.
F. W. R., Washington, D. C.—1. Jake Kilrain has only engaged in one prize fight according to London prize ring rules. That was his international battle with Jim Smith for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which he now holds, representing the heavy-weight championship of the world. 2. Send 25 cents and we will mail you "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain," which contains every fistic encounter he engaged in.

M. J. N. Y. City.—1. You are misinformed. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is not an Englishman, but was born in Belfast, Ireland. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE is an American newspaper, not English; neither is any of the members of the editorial staff English by nativity or in their ideas, but stand by American principles and the Stars and Stripes. 3. There is no Englishman working in the POLICE GAZETTE building.

VOLUNTEER, Lyon's Station.—What is the beam and length of the boats racing in the Genesta and Thistle race? Had not the American boat more beam in proportion to the English or Scotch boats? Answer: The length and beam of the several yachts which have contested for the America's Cup is as follows:

Yacht. Length. Beam.
Puritan (Br.) 93. 22.7
Genesta (Br.) 85.8 15
Mayflower 96.11 23.6
Galatea (Br.) 102. 15
Volunteer 106.3 23.2
Thistle (Br.) 108.6 20.4

T. J. S., New York City.—Sailor Brown was born at Gloucester, Mass., twenty-five years ago, and entered the United States naval service in 1862, after he had served four or five years on his uncle's fishing smack, on which he fought his first battle, coming out with flying colors. He is 5 feet 6 1/2 inches high, and weighs 165 pounds. In the navy he met a score of men, always conceding a great deal of weight, and never suffering defeat. Among the men he bested were John McMillan, champion of the English navy, and Jack Ryan, of Liverpool. After leaving the navy he went to Philadelphia, where he was advertised to meet all comers for a week. He went through the week, besting everybody that met him. Last spring he met Dick Morehouse, and had him all but licked in the third round, when the crowd broke down the grin and stopped the fight. He then defeated Jake Varley in three rounds, and was sent to the slope to meet Young Mitchell. On March 14, 1889, he was knocked out by Young Mitchell at San Francisco, while contending for a purse of \$1,750, in the twenty-first round.

YOUNG MITCHELL WON.

The glove fight between Young Mitchell, the middle-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, and Sailor Brown, of Brooklyn, the alleged ex-champion of the United States Navy, was decided in the Golden Gate Athletic Club on March 13 and 14. The men contended according to Richard K. Fox rules for a purse offered by the Golden Gate Athletic Club of \$1,500 to the winner and \$250 to the loser.

Brown weighed 135 pounds, 13 pounds more than Mitchell, who tipped the beam at 145 pounds. The men boxed with two-ounce gloves, and speculation on the result was 3 to 1 on the undefeated Pacific Slope champion. Over 5,000 persons paid the admission fee to witness the mill, supposing that they were going to see a spirited contest. Little did they suppose that the Eastern representative was such a selling plater. Billy Jordan, the well-known master of ceremonies, was referee. The battle was equivalent to a walking or a jumping match. In the opening of the contest Brown stood up and faced his opponent until Mitchell's batteries soon had his right eye closed and his left in mourning. In the second round Brown came nearly being knocked out by a right cross-counter on the jaw. In the third round Mitchell forced the fighting and punished Brown terribly, and from this time out Brown would not assume the offensive, but ran away and dodged round the ring, until the spectators began to tire and called him a looking-glass fighter. Brown continued these tactics until twenty-two rounds had been fought, when Mitchell followed him like a cat would follow a mouse, and finally managed to corner him, and with a tremendous swinging blow landed on the sailor's jaw, and he fell, a bleeding and battered man, in the center of the ring. The usual 10 seconds elapsed, and Brown still lay in the "Land of Nod," unconscious, and Billy Jordan, the referee, declared Mitchell the winner.

The sparring men who witnessed the affair left, disgusted at the way Brown fought, and the directors of the Golden Gate Club in future will require a better recommendation of pugilistic form than they received in regard to Sailor Brown before they will contract to put up large purses.
J. L. Hergett, better known as young Mitchell, was born in San Francisco, Jan. 20, 1867. He stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches, and weighs in condition 145 pounds. Mitchell's first encounter of note was for the feather-weight championship of the Pacific Coast, with Jack Campbell, whom he defeated in 10 rounds.
His next fight was with C. Coler, whom he defeated in two rounds, at Maynard's. He then stopped E. Coleman in 4 rounds, and next met and defeated F. Frayne at Maynard's, in 3 rounds, for gate receipts; beat Jim Johnson, of London, at the same place, in four rounds; next fought and defeated Pete O'Brien, of Berkeley, for the light-weight championship, \$500 a side and gate receipts, at the Wigwam, in 8 rounds; beat Bob Turnbull, at the same place, for \$250 a side and the gate receipts, in 7 rounds.

Jack Kennan, champion light-weight of America, was sent for by Patsy Hogan, and matched against Mitchell for \$250 a side and gate receipts. The fight took place at Platt's Hall, in Frisco, and in the thirty-fifth round Mitchell hit Kennan twice in succession, and the Eastern light-weight went down and out.

Mitchell then beat Billy Hamilton. Mitchell was then matched against Tom Cleary at the California Athletic Club. Cleary was trained by Jack Dempsey, and Mitchell won in thirteen rounds. Western men would not meet Mitchell after his repeated victories, so, in company with Buffalo Costello, he sailed for Australia, where he defeated William Murphy, light-weight champion of New Zealand, in five rounds. He then downed ten men in succession, and wound up by returning to San Francisco and beating Tom Cleary for the middle-weight championship of the Pacific Coast and a purse of \$1,250.

Miss Lottie Stanley, the female champion bicycle rider, holds the "Police Gazette" medal which she is ready to defend against all comers. Miss Stanley is under the management of Billy O'Brien.

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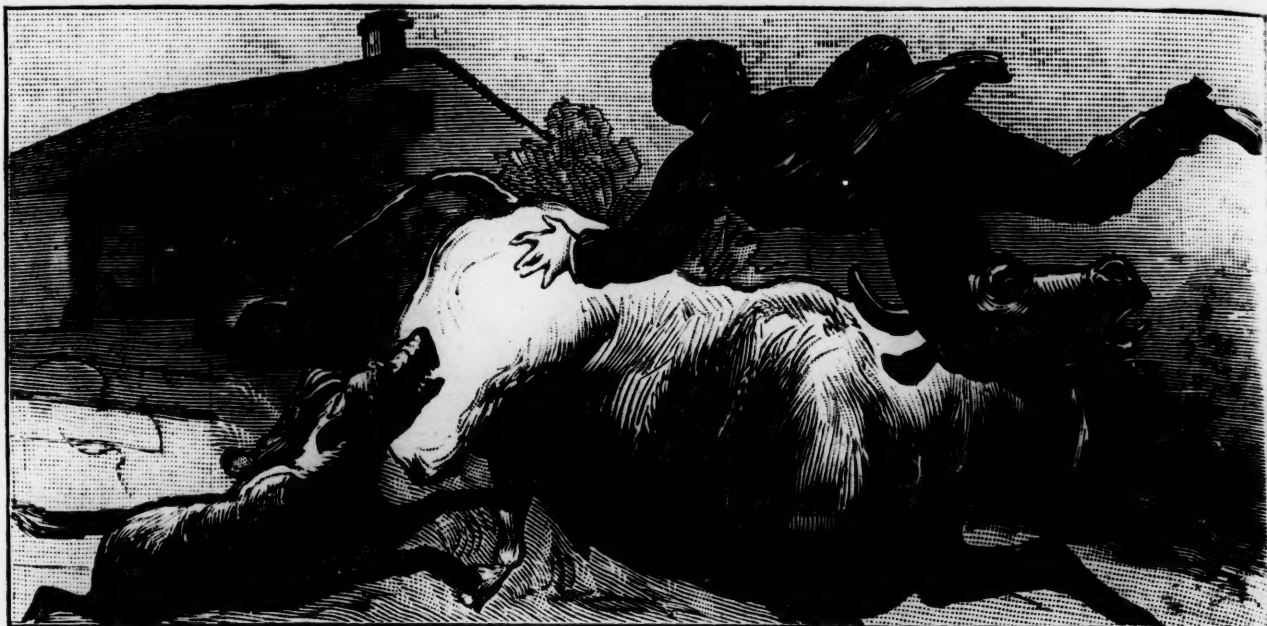
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CAPT. E. H. KERNAN,
CHIEF OF KERNAN'S DETECTIVE AGENCY OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
WHO UNEARTHED THE HAWES MURDER MYSTERY.



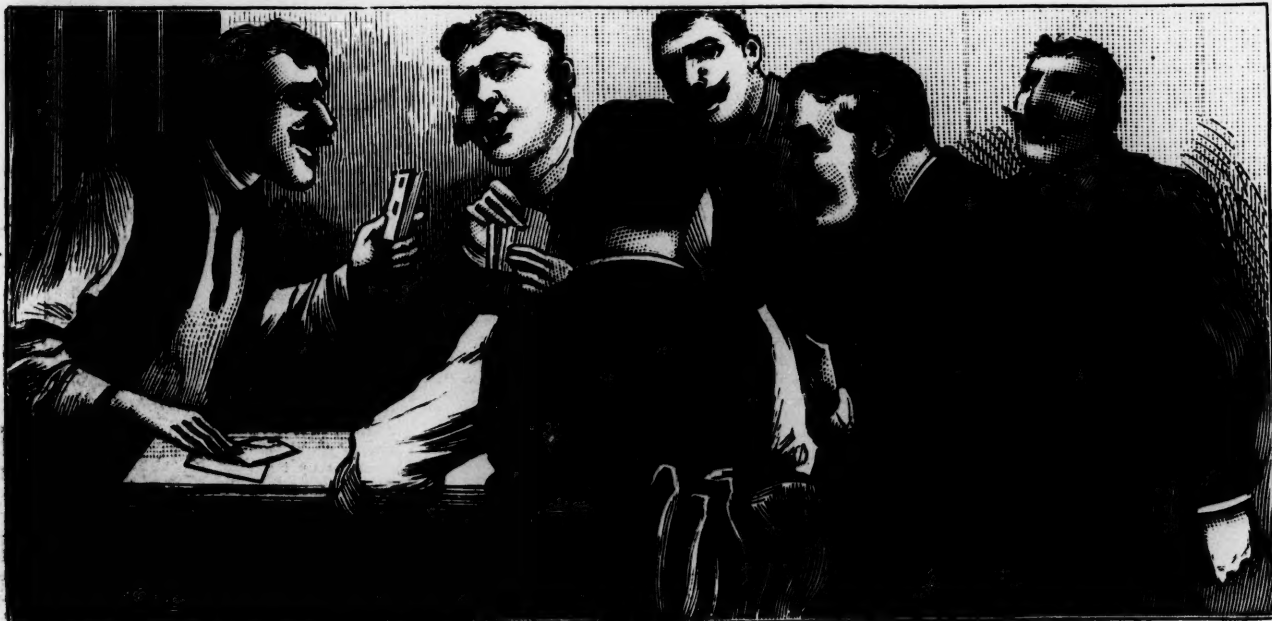
THE ANIMAL BECAME FRIGHTENED.
TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF SILAS NORTON, AN OLD FARMER, WITH AN ENRAGED BULL ON WASHINGTON
AVENUE, KINGSLAND, NEW JERSEY.



ASSASSINATED AT HIS FIRESIDE.
MURDER OF A. W. BUSBY OF GATE CITY, ALABAMA, WHO WAS SHOT DEAD BY A
BULLET FIRED THROUGH HIS WINDOW.



ESCAPED IN THEIR NIGHT ROBES.
THE BURNING OF CLIFTON HALL, LAKEWOOD, N. J., AND HOW SIXTY PANIC-
STRICKEN GUESTS AND SERVANTS SAVED THEIR LIVES.



PRISONER AND JURYMEN PLAY CARDS.
A POSSIBLE REASON WHY THE ALLEGED PERPETRATOR OF A MOST OUTRAGEOUS CRIME NEAR COLUMBIA,
SOUTH CAROLINA, CANNOT BE CONVICTED.



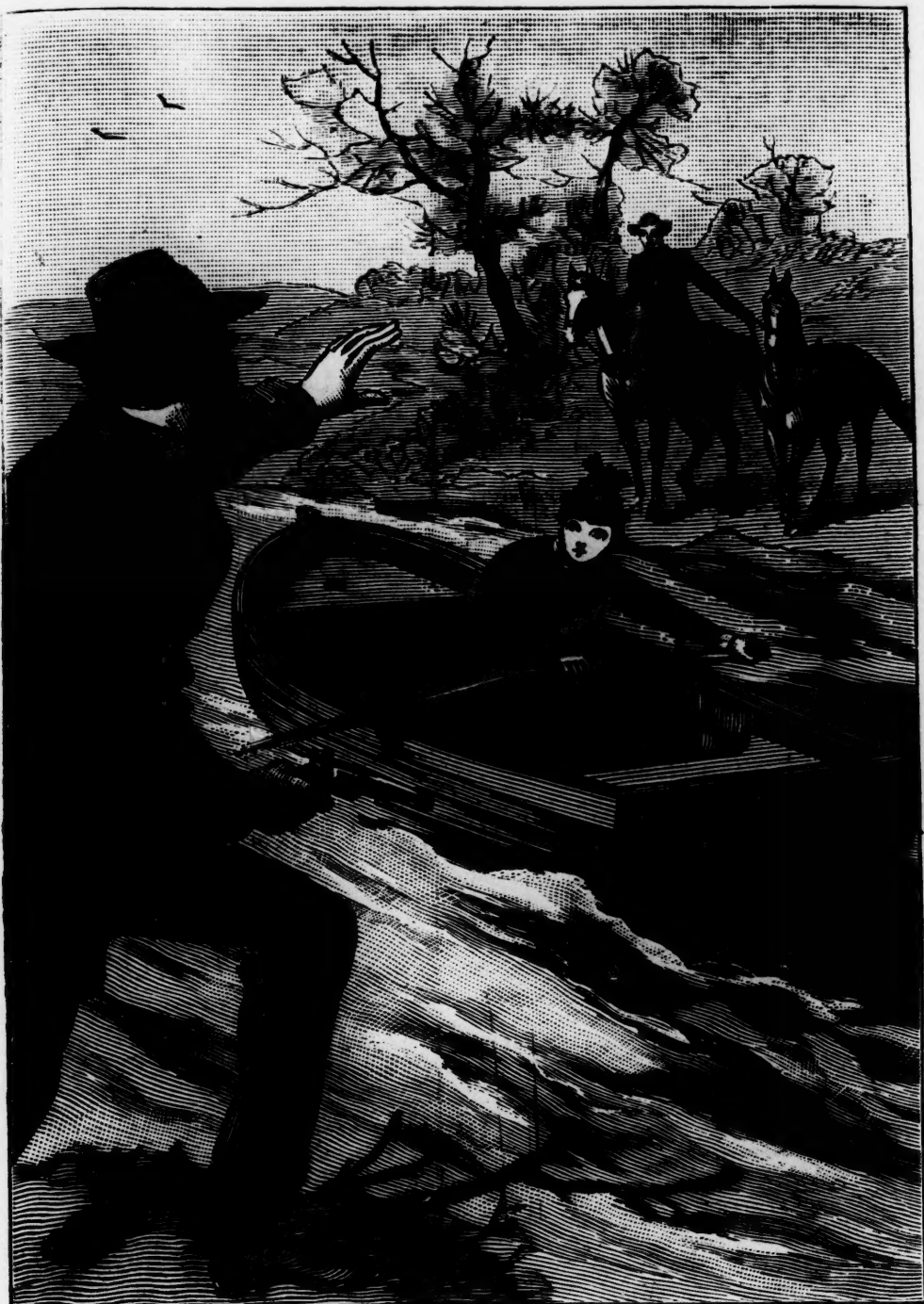
RICHARD BARKALOW,
OF BARKALOW BROTHERS, OMAHA, NEB., THE ENTERPRISING
NEWS AGENTS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.



SHE WORE THE BREECHES.
MRS. WILLIAM WALLACE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, PULLED HER SPOUSE OUT OF
BED AND NOW HE WANTS A DIVORCE.

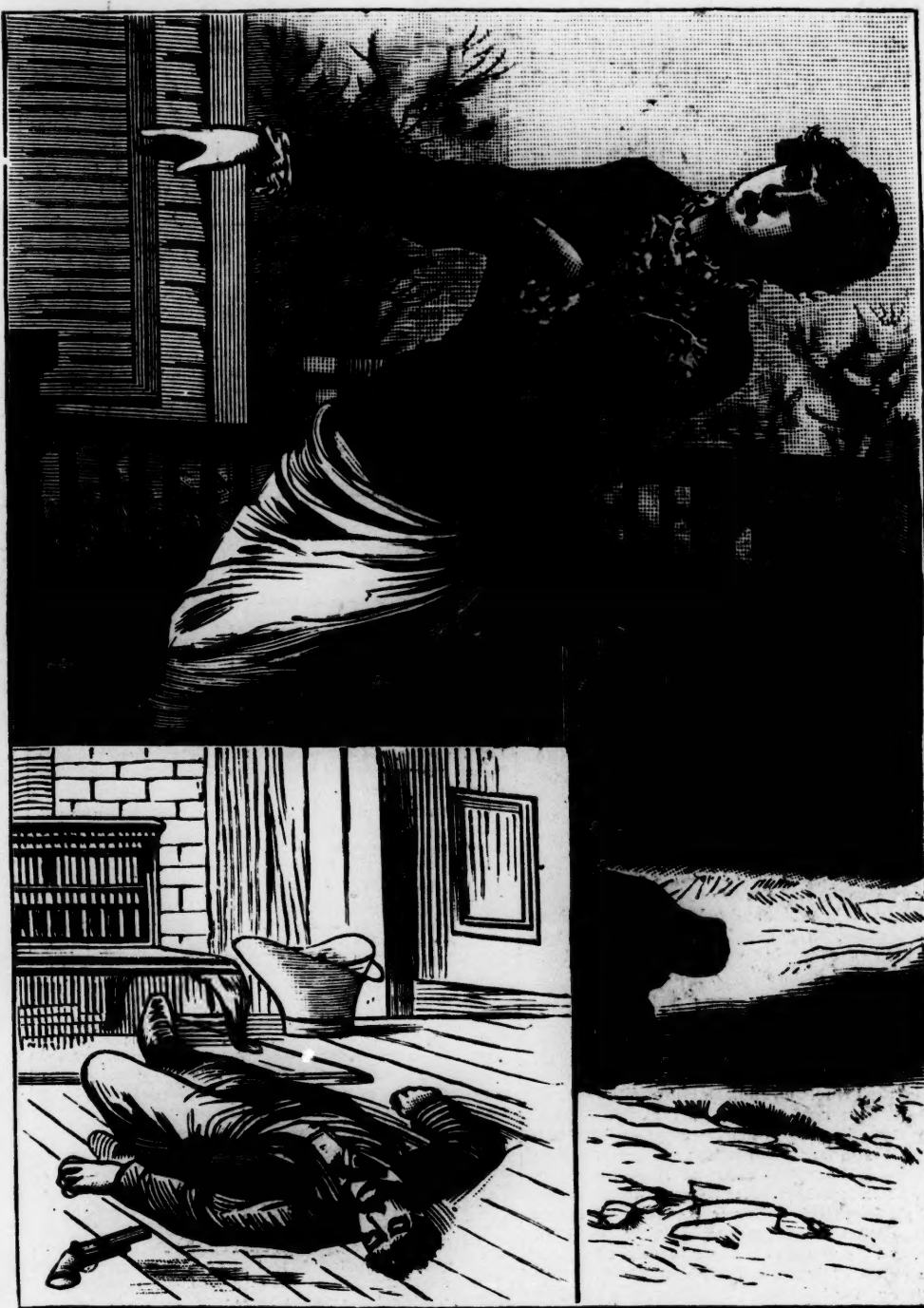


A PRIEST BRUTALLY BEATEN AND ROBBED.
THE DASTARDLY OUTRAGE PERPETRATED ON FATHER MARLELL, PASTOR OF THE
WEST DUBUQUE, IA., CATHOLIC CHURCH.



ROWED ACROSS TO HER LOVER.

HOW PRETTY EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD LUELLA CHRISTY, RESIDING NEAR MUNFORDVILLE, KY., ELOPED IN SPITE OF HER ANGRY FATHER.



DOUBLE TRAGEDY AT AUBURN, N. Y.

JOSEPH RESSELL OF NO. 3 FRANCIS STREET SHOTS HIS WIFE AND THEN HIMSELF; NO CAUSE ASSIGNED FOR THE CRIME.



"LYNCH THE TENDERFOOT."

HOW A HANDSOME DRUMMER WON CHARMING WIDOW McCOOL AND OUTWITTED A WEALTHY RIVAL FOR THAT LADY'S HAND NEAR BUFFALO, WYOMING TERRITORY.

PASCO HODGES.

Champion Submarine Diver of
the Atlantic Coast.



We are indebted to Mr. John T. James, a well-known detective of Norfolk, Va., for Mr. Hodges' photo. In sending it to us Mr. James writes: "Mr. Hodges is the champion of all divers on this coast. He worked from the 1st of last July until the 1st of October in eighteen fathoms of water, a feat which no other diver on this coast has ever accomplished. Mr. Hodges is 29 years of age, a native of Norfolk, and has been in the diving business ten years, having worked from the Capes of Delaware to the Gulf of Mexico; also in Hayti and the balance of the West Indies."

SYLVESTER GRUBB.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sylvester Grubb, the murderer of Miss Gertrude Downey on the Princeton, Ind., fair grounds Sept. 13, 1938, has been sentenced to hang April 19. The details of the horrible crime for which he must suffer death are briefly as follows: Grubb began paying attention to Miss Downey about two years ago, and sought to win her hand in marriage. Her parents, however, did not like their daughter's suitor, and persuaded her to break off the courtship. He was accordingly forbidden the house, and the young lady saw no more of him until they met on the fair grounds. She was in company with another young lady when Grubb approached her and asked her to take a walk. She refused at first, but finally consented, when Grubb took her to a remote part of the grounds, grabbed her around the neck, and pulling a thirty-eight calibre revolver from his pocket, fired three shots, one of which took effect in her left arm, another in her breast, and the third and fatal shot entering her left eye and raining downward. She lingered till the following Sunday, when she died in great agony.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SUICIDE.

Suicide appears to be epidemic at Paterson, N. J. There have been four attempts in the last week. The funeral of James Roemer, the Bohemian silk weaver, who shot himself at the Soldiers' Monument, took place the other day, and was attended by his shop-mates, members of a union, who afterward went to a hall and tapped a keg of beer. Among them was Frederick Baschler, of No. 31 Highland street, who drank several glasses. He went home and his sister-in-law scolded him for drinking so much and ordered him out of the house. He went and hanged himself to a tree near by, and was found unconscious, but was restored.

A PROCURESS IN THE TOILS.

Louisa Antonio, twenty eight years old, of No. 233 East 108th street, New York, was held in \$2,500 bail by Justice White in the Harlem Police Court, last Tuesday morning, for examination on a charge of attempted abduction. Louisa advertised in the papers for girls wanting places. Hattie Bohme, fifteen years old, of No. 217 East 102d street, answered the advertisement, and Louisa asked her to go to a house in Chrystie street and entertain gentlemen. The girl told her father, who caused Louisa's arrest.

SHE RESENTED HIS INSULT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The New York Times and other leading papers published recently a special from Akron, O., giving the details of an alleged fracas between the proprietor of a well known variety troupe and a pretty member of his company. It stated that the former, while intoxicated at a hotel there, went to the room of the actress and insulted her. Thereupon she struck him over the head with a chair.

SHOT BY A BARTENDER.

There was a shooting affray in the saloon at No. 972 Third avenue, New York city, the other morning. The row originated in a drunken quarrel and ended with the shooting by Bernard Bockhouse, the bartender, of Francis Gorly. The bullet struck Gorly in the elbow and made a painful wound. All the men implicated in the quarrel were locked up in the East Fifty-first street station and the wounded man was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. At the Yorkville Police Court Bockhouse was discharged.

ROBBERY BY MEANS OF TORTURE.

A gang of outlaws raided the McClellan town district, in Fayette county, about forty miles from Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, visiting a number of houses and extorting a considerable sum of money in the aggregate by means of torture. The community is an isolated one, and the people are generally well to do.

At the house of a Mr. Anderson they demanded his money, and upon his protesting that he had none, ap-

plied live coals to the soles of his feet until he revealed the hiding place of \$30, which they took. At the house of a man named Lilley they again demanded money, and tied the owner upon the bed and set fire to it upon his refusal to give them any.

However, he gave in before he was badly burned, and gave the robbers \$130. At the house of Mr. Grove they got nothing. Of Mrs. Keelers, a widow, they demanded her pension money, but upon being tendered the check, which she had not yet had cashed, they declined it. They then stole a horse and fled to the mountains.

SPORTING NOTES.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, is still throwing the champion wrestlers, one after another, in New England.

At Paterson, N. J., on March 16, Jack Miller and Jim McCormick's unknown fought 10 rounds, which ended in a draw. Dan Gallagher was referee.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, is training at the "Police Gazette" saloon, New Bedford, and J. F. Moore says he will have to train to stop at his hostelry.

Dr. W. F. Carver defeated Albert Bandle shooting at 100 birds, at Cincinnati, on March 16. Carver killed 91; Bandle 80. The stakes were \$250 a side. Hurlingham rules governed.

Patay Sheppard and B. H. Benton, of Boston, have opened a book on the Suburban, Brooklyn Handicap and other great turf events at 21 Dock Square, Boston, and are prepared to execute commissions on all races.

At Olneyville, B. I., on March 14, Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" champion Japanese wrestler, defeated John L. Cateshian in a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can, for \$400. The Jap downed him twice in 6 minutes, and won the match.

Frank Hart, the colored six-day pedestrian, has bought out "The Strand" sporting house, No. 3 Morton street, San Francisco, and will settle in that city permanently. Jake Isaacs, "Horse Jake," of New York, will go to the Golden Gate as Frank's manager.

The final game of the continuous pool tournament to decide the championship, was played at Maurice Daly's billiard rooms in Brooklyn, on March 13, the contestants being Albert M. Frey and J. L. Malone, the rival champions. Frey won the game by 31 points. Score—Frey, 154; Malone, 127.

James McGrath and Cornelius O'Keefe figured in a glove contest at the Rosedale Athletic Club, in this city, on March 11. The police raided the club room and arrested sixty boys and fifteen men. On March 13 they were sentenced to three months, and the spectators fined \$10 each. The police said that no gloves were used.

In the "Journalist" recently appeared a flattering three-column notice of Mr. Chas. A. O'Rourke, the popular, energetic and enterprising manager of the N. Y. City Press Association, of this city. Chas. A. O'Rourke was well worthy of the portrait and sketch the Journalist published, for he has displayed great zeal, tact and enterprise in his business.

At San Francisco, on March 9, the following officers were elected by the Golden Gate Athletic Club for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Steinbach; Vice-President, W. May; Secretary, J. J. Jamison; Treasurer, Frank Jones. Board of Directors—L. G. Flanagan, C. H. Smith, V. A. Chaigneau, M. D. Criss, Unger, W. W. Shannon, A. Rudgear, H. Lunstead.

At Alpena, Mich., on March 11, Jim Fell, the well-known pugilist, who has figured in over fifty prize ring encounters, and Frank S. Lewis of Alpena, the champion of Michigan, signed articles to fight with four-ounce gloves, according to Richard K. Fox rules. The battle is to be fought at Alpena on April 1, the winner to take all the gate receipts.

John Clark, the well-known sporting man, of Washington, D. C., whose name, among Baltimore and Washington sports, is a household word, in a letter says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is an indispensable requisite to every club house. I have not found a single sporting resort in Washington in which there was not a copy of your popular and authentic sporting paper."

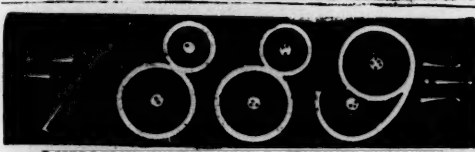
At Fort Robinson, Neb., on March 4, Delmas Peirre, of the Black Hills, and J. S. Wilson, the champion of Wyoming, wrestled catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman for \$500 a side and gate money. Peirre won, and his backers landed considerable money. Fort Robinson is quite a sporting town, and anyone that can defeat the champion at either boxing or wrestling can win a large amount.

At Brockton, Mass., recently a glove fight took place in a barn between Maurice Callahan and John Monahan, both of Brockton, for a purse of \$100, winner to take all. Both men made a bitter fight for eighteen rounds, when the referee declared it a draw. Callahan left the ring without a scratch, while his opponent was in a frightful condition, but gamey enough to continue if his second would allow him.

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WRESTLERS.
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RECENT WHITE CAP RUFFIANISM.

1.—FIVE MASKED MEN STRING UP ANTOINE BELANGER WITH A ROPE AND BURN HIS HOUSE DOWN BEFORE HIM NEAR DOLAND, DAK. 2.—COWARDLY ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE J. P. SMITH AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 3.—ATTACK ON ALBERT BARNEY BY WHITE CAPS AT NEW PRESTON, CONN.